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The Week

A RUMOR that the Public Works Administration is recommending to the President a program of $12,000,000,000 to be spent in five years, $5,000,000,000 of which is to go to housing, indicates, if it is confirmed, that the administration is leaning toward large public spending to get us out of depression. Barring fundamental changes in the economic structure, this is undoubtedly the most hopeful of the suggested depression remedies. Before too many hats are thrown too high in the air, however, it would be well to consider the following problems. If the President accepts and Congress endorses the program, is the expenditure of $2,400,000,000 a year enough to do the job? (In 1933 Congress appropriated $3,300,000,000 for the same purpose, most of which will have been spent within two years.) Will the housing appropriation, which is to be matched dollar for dollar by local governments, find enough willing and able spenders among the cities? (If it does, of course the total expenditures would be enlarged; if not, they might be substantially reduced.) Is it possible to build sufficiently low-cost housing without subsidy? (The $5,000,000,000 is to be repaid out of rents.) And assuming, finally, that we got things going by this means, could we stop the expenditure without renewing depression? Even Mr. Keynes admits he does not know the answer to that one. The program is a good thing to try because at least we may get some useful construction out of it, and public spending is better than no spending. But it is a pretty desperate and crude remedy.

MR. Roosevelt's policy toward the Upton Sinclair campaign in California does him as little credit as any action of his since entering the White House. It may have been only a coincidence that the President waited until the Literary Digest poll suggested that a crushing defeat for Sinclair was probable before he scuttled the EPIC ship; but there can be no doubt that in the minds of many Americans the two developments will seem like cause and effect. We take it for granted that the President himself must accept responsibility for the hysterical haste with which Mr. Creel and Mr. Farley deserted the sinking craft. Mr. Creel has never been anything in politics but someone's errand boy, and Mr. Farley's political morals are such that he would happily bed with the devil—on the eve of a Satanic victory. It would be kinder to Mr. Creel, a famous amateur gymnast, to say that he had stood on his head so long that he no longer knows which way is which; but that would be to shift the responsibility where it does not belong. On the other hand, Mr. Sinclair should have been prepared for Mr. Roosevelt's defection. They have so little in common that it should have been obvious that the President would endure the Californian only so long as he felt that he could not repudiate a man who was on the verge of becoming Democratic Governor of an important state.

THE way in which the fight against Sinclair has been conducted must be a bitter discouragement to those who believe it is possible in America today to use the ballot box in attempting to make even mild alterations in our social system. If Mr. Sinclair

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is defeated, as now seems probable, it will not be because the people of California carefully and intelligently considered his proposals and rejected them. On the contrary, as Mr. Carey McWilliams describes on page 356 of this issue of The New Republic, the state has been flooded with lying propaganda against Sinclair, of a quality worthy even of Hitler. The newspapers almost without exception have falsified the issues. Spurious documents calculated to reveal Sinclair as a fiend incarnate have been scattered by the millions. The movies and the radio have joined in a campaign for which, it is reported, millions of dollars have been sent into the state from the East. Many thousands of voters, in districts where Sinclair is a heavy favorite, were removed from the lists on a pretext of irregularity in such a way that they not only found it almost impossible to get themselves restored, but had the greatest difficulty in even finding out whether they had been cut off. Employers are telling their workers they will lose their jobs if Sinclair wins.

THE question of Upton Sinclair's attitude toward religion has become an important aspect of the California political campaign. This being the case, we are glad to throw some light on the matter by printing the following poem recently composed by Mr. Sinclair:

Political Prayer

(A candidate's answer to the charge of atheism)

O God my Father, and God my Friend,
And God my Guide to Poverty's End;
Hear in our homes the children cry,
See in our streets the hungry die,
While hushed machines and idle acres
Await the greed of profit-takers.
Send us Thy prophets as of yore
To smite the starvers of the poor.
Light in our hearts the cleansing fires
And save us from the purchased liars.
Lend us Thy voice to pray them down;
Send us Thy saints to rule the town;
Wash from our streets the bloody stain
And let Thy justice live again:
O God our Father, and God our Friend,
And God our Guide to Poverty's End.
Amen.

THE South's latest lynching is that of Claude Neal, a Negro, accused of assaulting and murdering a young white woman near Marianna, Florida. Neal was arrested and lodged in jail in Brewton, Alabama. He is said to have admitted the assault and murder—though anyone familiar with American police methods in general, and the treatment of arrested Negroes in the South in particular, must reserve judgment as to the validity of this confession. A mob of white men arrived at Brewton in thirty automobiles bearing Florida license plates. Neal was handed over to them by the Brewton sheriff with only the barest formal pretense at resistance, and they took him back to Marianna, where he was lynched in the presence of a large crowd and after torture and mutilation. The fact that he was to be killed was known fully twelve hours in advance and was printed in newspapers all over the United States; yet the Governors of Alabama and Florida seem to have lifted not a finger to prevent the crime. The Governor of Florida excused himself on the ground that when Neal entered that state, he was already in the hands of the mob, and there was no way of rescuing him!

SINCE Neal was kidnaped and taken from one state to another, the lynchers obviously violated the federal "Lindbergh law" and could be punished by a death sentence. We do not believe that capital punishment is justifiable on any grounds; but long prison sentences for Neal's kidnapers would undoubtedly prove of value in the fight to stamp out lynching. We should like to believe that the Department of Justice, so energetic in the pursuit of kidnapers for ransom, will prove equally diligent in this case; but what we expect is that political influences will prevail and that the Department of Justice will find some way to wriggle out of its duty. The Neal case, however, will certainly help the effort for enactment of a federal anti-lynching law, which even conservative Southerners, formerly opposed to federal intervention, now believe is the most effective way of dealing with the problem.

DO YOU need a "trained sentiment spreader"? Perhaps you have a strike on your hands? W. Harvey Downey and Associates, who furnish "trained propagandists for every purpose," will be glad to lease you the services of their extensive organization. According to Lionel Houser, who dug the matter up for The New York World-Telegram, their technique is the "commercial whispering campaign." Stylish models are hired to discuss loudly in theatre lobbies about Mme. B—'s bargain gowns, clean-cut young men discourse in the smoking car on the energy they get from X—'s breakfast food. Now, says Mr. Houser, the technique has been refined and applied to industrial disputes. A seedily dressed, middle-aged man calls from door to door in a town where a strike is in progress. He is a brush salesman, but with a strike on he cannot sell many brushes. He regrets this fact, he sympathizes with the housewife, he too is a union man, a bricklayer or a carpenter, but he is unemployed, his union officers have restricted the demand; like the unfortuate housewife who cannot buy his brushes he is a victim of the greed and shortsightedness of union officials. But he has no rancor; that is just the way unions are after all. On an extensive scale this sort of campaign is deadly in its effectiveness. And it is difficult to fight.

IT IS discouraging to those who believe that the democratic process affords a way of relief to sufferers from social injustice to learn that the Communist state ticket has been barred from the ballot

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in Illinois. Only the county ticket in Montgomery County and one congressional candidate in Chicago will appear on the ballot. The party met the requirement of 25,000 signatures to its petition, but a number were rejected by the electoral board for lack of addresses, bringing the total a few hundred below that figure. The decision was undoubtedly influenced by Governor Horner, whose past record gives little reason to believe in his impartiality and fairness. An Associated Press dispatch from Springfield, stating that the Board had decided to waive technicalities and permit the filing of tickets for the Socialist and Socialist Labor parties, quotes the Governor as saying: "As they have been prepared in good faith by thousands of Illinois citizens, we do not feel justified in denying them the right to express their convictions." The S.L.P. had only 15,000 signatures.

APPROXIMATELY 100,000 young men and women are at college this fall by grace of the Federal Relief Administration. The program of part-time college employment has been successfully worked out and with $13,000,000 available for this purpose even the $15 per month per person that it furnishes needy students is sufficient, with a little home and college assistance, to give the recipients a college year they would otherwise have lost. With the project now successfully launched it remains to be seen how the American collegiate world can avail itself of the opportunity that this human material offers it. These young men and women are to work on tasks designed and directed by the colleges they attend. Here is a splendid opportunity to get some long neglected flubdubbery done at the government's expense; or it is the chance to find the physical and mental aptitudes of these students and select for them lines of endeavor that will be valuable to the college and perhaps throughout life invaluable to the student.

WHO is right about the textile-strike settlement—Francis J. Gorman or the cotton-textile industry? Mr. Gorman still appears irrepressibly jubilant over the "victory" his union is alleged to have won. Commenting recently on the President's Executive Order, which provides for three boards to study the stretch-out, he lauded it as "again justifying our action in calling off the strike on the basis of the Winant Board report." But if Mr. Gorman is right, it would be logical to expect Mr. Sloan, head of the Cotton Textile Institute, to criticize the President's order as promising the textile workers too much. This, of course, is not what has happened. Executives in the silk and wool industries have objected to the order on technical grounds—the strike in their industries, they maintain, was a sympathy strike and not one against working conditions. Hence, they do not believe their industries should be included in the stretch-out study. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Sloan has remained strangely noncommittal.

HIS silence, we believe, is significant. And the reasons for it are rather interesting. In the first place, it appears that the President's amendment to the cotton code, providing for the study and possible adjustment of work loads, was prepared and submitted by the Code Authority itself. Mr. Sloan was chairman of the committee that drafted the amendment. Second, and not surprisingly, the amendment is interpreted in the industry as conceding the major contention of textile employers. It provides that the measure of work load should be the effort expended by the individual worker and not the number of machines tended. This provision, the industry believes, will be an adequate safeguard against any hard and fast rules on the stretch-out. It means that any rulings on the stretch-out will have to be pretty general and will have to be "interpreted" as they apply to the "effort" expended by each worker.

FINALLY, the President's order provides a further safeguard for the mills. Any recommendations that the work-assignment boards may make will become effective only after they have gone through the regular N.R.A. procedure for amending codes. This means that the Code Authority must first give its approval to any changes in working conditions. In short, the industry will have the last word. Accordingly, The Daily News Record, leading trade paper in textiles, reports that the industry believes that "all textile mills are protected against unfair use of the stretch-out ruling." A statement of this sort coming from "the trade" is usually the euphemistic way that industry has of saying that its prerogatives remain intact. This is also suggested by the renewed strike of silk workers in New Jersey and Pennsylvania and by the recent action of the Executive Board of the United Textile Workers in sanctioning new strikes at twenty-eight mills. Because of rampant discrimination, blacklisting and evictions growing out of the recent "settlement," the workers at these mills had made it known that they would declare outlaw strikes if the U.T.W. officials refused to give their approval.

IN Germany, the conflict between the Protestant opposition and the Nazi Church has flared up anew after the momentary truce that followed the announcement that Dr. August Jäger, the rabid Nazi Commissioner for Prussia's Protestant Churches, would be removed from office. It developed that the Reich Bishop had acted with customary dishonesty, having taken from Dr. Jäger political and ecclesiastical authority in Prussia but leaving him in the Reich Bishop's Chancellery and as legal adviser of the established Church. Against this double dealing the leaders of the German Christians protested by resigning their offices. At the eleventh hour the removal of Dr. Jäger from all church offices was announced, too late, however, to affect the determination of the Protestant confessional synod, which upholds its demand for Reich Bishop

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Müller's resignation. The rebel pastors, in an official proclamation, confirm the synod's secession from the Reich Church.

ADOLF HITLER has taken no stand in the controversy. But he will have to take a stand when Reich Bishop Müller takes his oath to the Chancellor. Not even the "severe toothache," which thrice caused postponement of that ceremony, can last forever. In a lecture delivered a week ago Bishop Müller declared that "if peace cannot be restored in the Evangelical Church . . . it will be quite possible that the State may take its hand from the Church and leave it to its fate." That would be one way out, though hardly an impressive one. It is much more likely that the Chancellor may try once more to conquer the opposition. To permit the existence of two Protestant churches side by side at this late stage of the game would be an unqualified admission of defeat.

IN LAST week's New Republic we printed an editorial mentioning the attacks of David Lawrence, publisher of The United States News, on the Roosevelt administration and the Tennessee Valley Authority, and then gave an account of a utility advertising campaign that Mr. Lawrence had tried to organize. We now learn that the project for the advertising campaign was launched some years ago and therefore did not, of course, have any connection with Mr. Lawrence's present activities. We deeply regret the injustice to Mr. Lawrence and apologize to him, and to our readers, for the erroneous statement.

ON the same day the front pages carried the following items of news: aviators break records in flight from England to Australia; stream-lined train starts fastest run across American continent; bankers in convention resolve not to move, and declare loyalty to the good old profit system. We're pretty good at going fast and breaking precedents so long as nobody is to get any good out of it.

All Right, Mr. Green, What Next?

THE A.F. of L. and the National Industrial Conference Board agree in stating that unemployment in September was greater than in the same month of the previous year. Naturally the employers' figures show a smaller total, but the trend is identical. We are slipping back. On the basis of either estimate, the situation is roughly the same. There are ten or eleven millions out of work, and thirty-nine or forty millions with gainful occupation. Roughly one-fifth of the working population is involuntarily idle.

The major task of our people is to end this tragic human waste. But how? To shorten existing working hours is just "spreading work" unless production is increased. The 30-hour week is no panacea. Now President William Green of the A.F. of L. comes forward with another suggestion: "Could not the administration invite all industries to coöperate in a general program to increase production and put men to work? If the nationwide level of all production were lifted 30 percent in a balanced program, adjusting production to consumption needs, each industry would then be assured that all other industries would increase their production, and the wealth produced by putting labor to work would create income to buy the product of all."

Excellent! The simplicity of the suggestion is its merit; we rest here on basic principles. The evil in unemployment is not just that men are not busy; lack of a job means lack of wages, and lack of wages means lack of goods. The only way to benefit all is to produce more. Unemployment and insufficient production are obverse and reverse of the same medal. Mr. Green recognizes that individual plants do not produce more because they cannot sell additional goods. If one concern alone arbitrarily raised production, it would be swamped with surplus inventory. But if all did so at once, the newly employed shoemakers could buy additional clothing, and the newly employed clothing workers could buy additional shoes. Possibly their employers would be impelled to buy more machinery and put up more plants, thus using extra steel, cement and glass. And so on, around the circle.

But, Mr. Green, is mere lack of agreement to produce what stands in the way of your remedy? Did it ever occur to you that this is the way the capitalist system is by its defenders supposed to work, even without agreement, and that something other than lack of agreement must have stopped its working in this way? A glimmer of this truth seems to have entered your mind, for you speak of "a balanced program," and of "adjusting production to consumption needs." It is clear that in the past we have perhaps been producing too much of some things and certainly have been producing too little of many others, if the needs of consumers be the criterion.

However, just to add 30 percent more output all around would not remedy this lack of balance. The individual choices of separate owners of capital have not been quite workable, when put together. Also, there is the vitally important question of the prices at which the articles are sold, and their relation to the wages at which the articles are made. Consumption needs require, for instance, more good housing at low rents. But capitalism has never produced enough good housing at low rents. Workers have not had large enough incomes to pay the prices demanded for good housing. Capitalism has chosen rather to produce an excess of expensive housing. If the building industry should resume production in the 1929 pattern it would again ruin itself and help to ruin the rest of us.

Much is involved, Mr. Green, in a program for

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ncreasing production 30 percent in the aggregate, ınd doing so according to the needs of consumers. First, we have to have a concrete plan in order to know what is to be produced. Next, we have to decide what the prices of the various products are to be, and what the wages of the workers are to be, n order that the goods produced may be sold. To regulate production, wages and prices also means, of course, to control the amount of profits. We then have to say how much of these profits is to be nvested, and in what. We have to adjust the extension of credit, both for long and for short term, to our plan of production and to the budgets of ndividual industries and plants. We have to dovetail the whole thing with foreign trade. All this may not have to be worked out to the last decimal point, but at least we must have a general program or plan, the parts of which fit together. And we have to be able to alter it flexibly as we go along and obstacles arise, or as new conditions come into being.

Before the administration asks the industries to cooöperate, therefore, much preliminary work needs to be done by a planning commission, so that they will know something of what they are being requested to do. Assuming this task to have been accomplished—and it is not such a wildly impossible task, given time, as to be an insuperable obstacle to your scheme—let us now call our industrial conference.

We say to the assembled lords of finance and manufacture: In order to end unemployment it is necessary to increase production 30 percent, and in order to do that it is necessary to work according to the following schedule. The United States Steel Corporation is to produce during the next year so many tons of rails, so many of steel tubing and sheets, and so on. Its schedule of prices is to be so and so. It is to pay wages as follows. This should yield profits of so and so much. Thirty percent (let us say) of these profits is to be reinvested in plant and machinery, 20 percent is to go to the government in taxes, 20 percent is to be used for new housing, athletic fields, etc. And so on, through General Motors and Ford, du Pont Chemicals, General Electric and Westinghouse, J. P. Morgan, Chase National and the rest. Can you imagine, Mr. Green, what the reply of the corporation executives would be? They would say (and truly), "What you are asking us to do is exactly what they are trying to do in Soviet Russia. Nothing is left for private enterprise if the government tells us how much to produce, what to charge for it, what to pay labor and what to do with the profits. Do you expect us meekly to surrender to socialism?"

You could answer, with truth, that the government was not just being arbitrary about it, that it was merely outlining what would be necessary if production were to be increased 30 percent, according to a balanced program, adjusting production to consumption needs. You could say, "If you don't like this program, what have you to propose?" And of course they would not have anything. That is exactly where we are now. Let us try your suggestion, Mr. Green. But when private industry refuses, what next?

The Open Door—to What?

THE NAVAL conversations at London have thus far confirmed the most pessimistic prophecies. The Japanese have shown clearly that unless they are granted something much nearer equality with the British and American fleets, they will repudiate limitation of navies and return to an unrestricted race in the building of new ships. To this the Americans are said to be "unalterably opposed." As usual, the British are more realistic than ourselves. They recognize that ultimately nothing can be done to stop Japan, short of going to war, and they are inclined to make concessions to the Japanese rather than see the principle of limitation go overboard. The British, however, are between the devil and that deep blue sea which Britannia no longer makes any pretense of ruling. They are desperately anxious not to get into any more trouble with America than is necessary, and they are looking for some compromise that will prevent an open break with either of the two powers.

It is no accident that just at this moment much should be heard about the Open Door in the Orient, and especially about Japan's attempt to close this door in regard to the oil business in Manchukuo, through setting up a state monopoly. The American naval experts have all along insisted that to yield to Japan at one place along the line is to yield everywhere: that she must not have her way on navies because to permit this would be in some fashion to approve her whole Asiatic policy, including her evident intention to dictate commercial relations, if and when she is able, throughout Manchuria and China. To this America will never, never consent. We have always stood by the policy of the Open Door, and we shall not desert it now.

The New Republic discussed last week the unreality of American policy as it relates to Japanese naval building, in that it is based on the assumption of a power to coerce Japan that we do not in fact possess. Equal unreality clouds our commercial policy in the Far East. Suppose Japan refuses to permit American goods to be sold, or American capital to be invested, anywhere in Eastern Asia except with her knowledge and consent. What are we to do? Shall we go to war with Japan for the sake of maintaining one additional market for our industrialists and financiers? The first three months of such a war would cost us far more than the total value of our trade and investments in the Orient, to say nothing of the fact that it would probably bring on a general, worldwide conflagration which might, and probably would, result in the downfall of Western civilization, so gravely weakened by the events of the past twenty years.

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We do not need, however, to look so far as war to see the unreality of considering the Orient an important potential factor in American trade and investments, at least during the next few decades. The field for exploitation of which Americans think is China; but it is now obvious to everyone except the American State and Navy Departments that only three courses of development are possible in China. Either it will go Communist, it will be ruled by Japan, or it will remain in its present state of chaos. None of these three courses offers any security for private capitalist investment by Americans, or holds out the prospect of large international trade on such terms as our business men would welcome. True, China needs tremendous industrial development, and might use large quantities of American machines in building up a local heavy industry. But if chaos continues, she will not get them; if Japan controls China, she will get them only on Japan's terms, and a Soviet government would be an exceedingly shrewd bargainer, granting no fat "concessions" and forcing the Americans to shave their bids in close competition with Great Britain, Germany, Czechoslovakia and other countries.

The Open Door is closed; or rather, looking back upon it in the perspective of history, we now see that it never was open in any sense that profited Americans as a whole, or held out the promise of a stable and enduring relationship between the people of China and our own. It was an idea that belonged to an era now definitely closed—the days when there was a sharp lag between the industrialization of Western Europe and America, on the one hand, and the Orient and the tropics in general, on the other. In that brief golden day when laissez-faire capitalism had some significance, it was appropriate to assume that the capitalists of the chief powers could divide up a backward country for their competitive but coöperative looting. Amid these grim economic realities of the present day, such ideas have only the quaint charm of early Victorian furniture.

But as we have already suggested, they are still taken seriously by those who make policy for the American government. The powers in Washington seem not at all concerned by the fact that the will-of-the-wisp they are now pursuing may lead the American people into the desperate prospect of war. So-called statesmen generally move by predetermined rules toward objectives whose serious character they seemingly neither understand nor are willing to weigh at their true cost. More than ever it is apparent that what is desperately needed in the capitals of all three countries, and most of all in Washington, is men of common sense who can say to themselves and to each other: "Toward what are these policies leading? Is any possible commercial advantage worth the danger of war? And if not, what are the lines of a common-sense solution of the problem of conflicting national interests here presented?"

The De Man Plan

TWO CONTRARY tendencies are at work in the European Socialist parties, each in its own way a defensive reaction against the peril of fascism. One movement, a distinct turn leftward, has shown itself in the *neu beginnen* group among the German Socialists and even more strikingly in the recent united-front activities of the French Socialists with the Communists and the tentative plans for an organic union between the two parties. The position is, in a measure, a compromise, for though the French Socialists have accepted a definite revolutionary point of view toward parliamentary government, the Communists have also modified their attacks against what they still call the "social fascists" and have agreed to join in the defense of democratic liberties.

The other, the rightward move of the Socialists, comes to flower in the De Man Plan of Action officially proclaimed by the Belgian Socialists, the most conservative of the European parties, approved by the British Labor Party, and now being considered, reputedly with favor, by the Second International. Actually De Man's program falls a long way short of the old socialist demands. It is close to the conservative program adopted by the British Labor Party, described by H. N. Brailsford on page 361 of this issue of The New Republic. It comes, in fact, to very little more that the program of the more leftist elements in the American New Deal, what Lewis Corey has called "Niraism," yet in its own way it is also an answer to fascism by trying to forestall the collapse that leads to fascism and by seeking to attach to socialism part of the potential membership of a fascist party. It is fighting fascism by partially yielding to it.

De Man himself gives the underlying motivation of his plan (in the magazine Europe, September, 1934):

> The action of the socialist movement . . . shows itself in a growing opposition of forces. . . . A grave crisis . . . can render the situation so unfavorable to the socialist movement that the movement runs the risk of losing a great part of the advantages it has already gained. . . . Only two ways are open, either the anti-democratic method of minority dictatorship or the democratic route of establishing an [electoral?]majority. The last depends upon the participation of other social strata [*i.e.*, other than the proletariat].

The plan sets out to "achieve a planned international economy through nationally planned economy" with a decided emphasis upon the national aspect. The objectives in each nation are to be limited to the local possibilities. The international aspects are dependent upon coöperative work among nations whose economic plans have already been developed with the national situation, and national welfare, primarily in mind.

With this point of view, the natural starting place of the plan is those domestic situations in which

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something of a socialist nature can be done, policies which are, in the language of the plan, "realizable." The first of the "realizable" policies is the nationalization of credit and revolves around the creation of a National Institute of Credit and the organization of credit as a public service, without touching the independence of the banks. In substance the state is to become a shareholder in the banks, as, indeed, the R.F.C. has to a great extent become in this country. Parallel with this is a program of nationalization of basic monopoly industries to be carried out by "mutual transaction or by expropriation," but the word "expropriation" is ill chosen, for further details of the plan indicate that what is meant is no more than the conventional "condemnation," *i.e.*, forced sale at a price fixed by the state. Here as elsewhere the plan is vague about who constitutes the state.

The second of the "realizables" is the ancient story of the nationalization of basic or monopolistic industries, the problem touched upon by the British Trades Union Congress in the matter of the iron and steel industries. These, along, of course, with coal and electricity, are to be welded into state industrial consortia under the general direction of an industrial commissariat in turn responsible to the legislature. Part three of the plan briefly alludes to the institution of a national "commissariat of transportation" similar, presumably, to our own Federal Transportation Coördinator's office.

These three sections of the program can scarcely be labeled radical; the greatest capitalist forces are in favor of them so far as they add to the financial effectiveness of the machinery in question. The difficulty is that the limits of ownership, political control and government control are almost impossible to fix even on paper and are utterly blurred in actual administration. The effectiveness of such devices as actual instruments of socialism is entirely dependent on control of the police power, the courts and the government bureaucracy. The plan does not dwell extensively upon this phase of the problem.

With point four of the plan the appeal to the small bourgeoisie makes its appearance. The plan carefully differentiates between what it calls the public and private sectors of capitalism. The first three points deal with the public sector. With point four the plan takes up the private sector and proposes to leave untouched all the machinery of capitalism in this field. Speculation (that great destroyer of the *small* capitalist) is to be curbed but investments are to be supported. Insurance policies, exchange stability, a profitable domestic trade are all to be carefully retained. In this field the only appeal to labor is the demand that working hours are to be reduced and that wages are to be set by contract.

These objectives obviously have much to be said in their favor, but their value depends chiefly on the political power of the socialist party that attempts to carry them out, and on this point the De Man plan is conspicuously weak. Nothing is offered but the routine of appeal at the polls. The new hope appears to lie in the political popularity among the small bourgeoisie of those parts of the plan that aim to salvage the machinery of "little capitalism," insurance, securities, etc. So far as the machinery of politics is concerned, the plan simply demands the creation of a single legislative house elected by universal suffrage.

On this plan the Second International is invited to regalvanize itself into life. To be sure, the De Man plan is a minimum program and the smallness of the objective may be more than counterbalanced by an increase in the energy with which the Socialists push it. But we are not overly optimistic about the outcome. The essential difficulty with De Man's plan is that it involves the socialist parties even more deeply than they now are in the machinery of the capitalist-parliamentary states. And the involvement of any party in this machinery inevitably involves it in the three outstanding present characteristics of that machinery: nationalism, corruption and demagoguery; the party must keep its national borders when its cartels are national, its personnel is always subject to political corruption when the party involves itself in the elective machinery of modern democracy; and so long as it is dependent on mass votes but lacks the power to deliver what it promises it must engage in demogoguery.

In the back of his mind De Man must have some such opinion. In his "Psychology of Socialism" (1926) he said:

> If it were not for the support rendered by the social-democratic parties to the capitalist social system the latter would have been overthrown by the proletariat long ago. . . .
>
> There is probably not a single reform, in the sense of putting reformist ideas into practice, the realization of which in recent years has not been the work of the anti-socialist parties. On the contrary, wherever the socialists held power, either by themselves, or with the assistance of other parties, they were compelled to direct all their efforts . . . to restore capitalist economy. . . . It was in order not to let the requisite political power out of their hands for nothing that as far as possible they excluded from their practical policy everything which was specifically socialist.

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High Spots in the Campaign

Sinclair Wanes

IN CALIFORNIA the fight is essentially a man-hunt, with Republican posses hot on the trail of that arch-radical and disrupter of ancient tranquilities, Upton Sinclair. "Blast him with his own words," has been the cry of an aroused Republicanism. In no sense is it a political campaign (parties and platforms are meaningless); class warfare, with the issues and alignments somewhat obscure, has broken into the open. A press unanimous in its opposition has sought to establish that Sinclair is a communistic-atheistic-imbecilic irresponsible. The effort, however, has not been a smashing success. Take the atheism item. It is conceded that Sinclair has the younger (*i. e.*, the more active) clergy throughout the state; many of them are chairmen of his committees.

But the Californians would be governed by a Mohammedan if he promised enough, and the Christian sects delight in the abuse of their rival orders. Mr. Sinclair, moreover, has waxed increasingly pious as the campaign has proceeded. He has a very convincing little speech on the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God under Capitalism, with just the right tone of apology for the sensationalism of his youth. His campaign manager has contrived a popular preachment on "Upton Sinclair as the Friend of God" that has been made into a phonograph record (curious Eastern editors might try this on their victrolas). And so with the other red flags. The Republican editors have, for the most part, selected for their screaming quotations the very portions of Mr. Sinclair's journalism most likely to attract a wide circle of new admirers. It is hard, today, to damn a banker too violently.

A powerful attempt has been made to drive a wedge between Sinclair and Roosevelt which, with Mr. Moley's carefully timed assistance, has been fairly effective in offsetting the cleverly staged trip to Hyde Park. Sinclair headquarters have announced speeches by Secretary Ickes and Senator Norris, only to be embarrassed by subsequent refusals. McAdoo, the gallant, hides in Mexico while his law partner campaigns for Merriam; long before George Creel repudiated Sinclair his organization, to a man, was supporting the Republicans.

The personal assault on Sinclair, however, has not injured his chances materially. He is the type of candidate who would make himself the sole issue in any campaign; consequently he dramatizes, Messiah-like, the opposition: he is endangered, there is an enormous price on his life which varies with the audience and the occasion. Such emotionalism diverts attention from the demonstrably shaky economics of the Epic Plan (taken it now appears from Edward Bellamy's "Mutual Maintenance" plan of 1893) and effectively focuses the spotlight.

The Merriam campaign, moreover, has been poorly coördinated, stupidly directed, dangerously confined to a narrow negative issue. The great Merriam *Putsch* was timed too early and there is some likelihood of a sharp reaction. In sheer desperation, a suit has been brought in Los Angeles County to cancel some 29,000 allegedly illegal registrations (mostly transients and unemployed) and to intimidate voters with the threat of criminal prosecution in cases of mere technical irregularities. (This stunt was used in the famous Harriman-Alexander mayoralty campaign of 1910 in Los Angeles.) Stupidly patronizing campaign advertisements on billboards have aroused an audible resentment. Although the Merriam managers have spent money freely, no one knows what they have bought. So-called "Democratic Clubs" have been purchased wholesale. But have the Merriam people purchased the Democratic vote or merely the Democratic organizers?

The blunders have been about even: both Merriam and Sinclair have generously tried to elect the other. Mr. Sinclair, by hedging on his Plan and accepting a McAdoo-dictated tablet of generalities, has created an unfortunate impression. And, in an unguarded moment, he told the press that, if he were elected, California could expect a deluge of unwanted immigrants. Made at a time when the seasonal migration to California was at its height, this statement was susceptible of a specious verification. And unquestionably excited Epicites are on the road. Several hitchhikers have been surprised to discover, on arriving in Los Angeles, that Mr. Sinclair was not actually Governor.

As the campaign has drawn to its close Sinclair's chances have continued to shrink. His own equivocation, plus an unscrupulous Republican campaign, aided by the regular Democratic machine, at first covertly and at the end openly, seem to have destroyed his chances. Every tool of reaction has been brought against him, the most effective of which has been the use of the newsreels. Thousands of feet of film have been shown in California theatres picturing the draggled hitchhikers hurrying to Sinclair's promised utopia. Those lucky enough to have jobs have been made to feel that only Merriam stands between them and a horde of the unemployed, who would have to be supported by taxation or who would take their jobs away from them by being willing to work for less. For the first time since the primaries there is no longer doubt about the outcome—Sinclair has lost.

Los Angeles. CAREY MCWILLIAMS.

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The Northwest Goes Leftish

SINCE 1931 the leftward drift in the Pacific Northwest has been clearly indicated—particularly in Oregon and Washington. Progressive bills have been fought through state legislatures. Grange leaders have relentlessly defeated sales-tax proposals at the polls. Reactionary congressmen have been repudiated by their constituents. The unemployed have shown increasingly diminishing inclination to be satisfied with newspaper platitudes and commercial-club resolutions. The working class has raised its voice against the absentee ownership of many of the region's basic industries. (Such a situation prevailed in the longshoremen's strike.)

Most significant of all the recent events occurred recently in Oregon, where workers and grangers at last united to form a Farmer-Labor fusion with the ultimate purpose of "building a political party separate and distinct from the two older parties dominated by big business and the financiers." Oregon is essentially a rural commonwealth and there is an excellent chance that this initial venture will prove successful. It already has terrified the old party hacks.

The results of a straw poll taken by a newspaper in Clackamas County are illuminating. General Charles L. Martin and Joe Dunne, the candidates of the old parties, received a combined total of 876 votes. Slightly more than one thousand ballots were cast for Peter Zimmerman, a square-jawed granger who harvests a precarious living on a meager farm in the Willamette Valley. He has no campaign funds, but determined farmers and workers are selling their small personal belongings at public auction to send him around the state.

Zimmerman is the most extreme left-winger ever to be within hearkening distance of a Pacific Northwest gubernatorial chair. The principal plank in his platform is the Grange Power Bill, pounded through the last state legislature, but sidetracked for referendum by a bloc of private utilities. If adopted by the people and administered by a governor of Zimmerman's views, the bill would embark Oregon upon the most ambitious plan of public ownership of electrical energy ever attempted in the nation. It provides for a bond issue to construct state-owned transmission lines from the great federal dam at Bonneville, on the Columbia River, to every section of the commonwealth.

Other issues on which Zimmerman is appealing to the harassed farmers and laborers of the state are shifting the tax burden to incomes and inheritances, establishment of a state-owned bank, repeal of Oregon's criminal-syndicalism law, unemployment insurance, old-age pensions and the assurance to workers that the National Guard will not be used as a strike-breaking agency. Zimmerman's power platform alone has aligned the press against him in virtually a solid front, but the influence of Upton Sinclair's primary victory in California has more than made up for this opposition. Like Sinclair, Zimmerman once was identified with the Socialists, and in 1924 he supported La Follette. As a state senator he consistently advocated government ownership of industries vested with a public interest and he cast his vote against the criminal-syndicalism laws.

In Washington the Democrats recently nominated Lewis Schwellenbach to succeed Senator Clarence C. Dill. Schwellenbach, who was associated with Senator Homer Bone in the fight for public ownership, tore a leaf from Sinclair's notebook and ran on a platform to end poverty in Washington (E.P.I.W.). He is an odds-on favorite to win the election from Reno Odlin, conservative Republican banker and former commander of the state American Legion.

This sort of use of the ballot-box was the prologue to the pronounced swing leftward now centering in Oregon. The longshoremen's strike provided the impetus. Whether a radical-progressive Governor in the Northwest can end the problem of poverty is dubious. That he can make his state a better place in which to settle and live is a certainty.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER.

Portland, Ore.

Through the Looking Glass

IN NEW MEXICO the Democrats have brought up all the heavy party artillery against the re-election of the Progressive Republican Senator, Bronson Cutting; but it is plain that they are embarrassed by a lack of ammunition. They shout their own support of the New Deal, but they can hardly point to Cutting as its enemy. (In fact Cutting would probably have been the nominee of both parties but for the state regulation prohibiting a candidate from running on more than one ticket.) As the incorrigibly independent candidate of the Republicans, he is in the advantageous position of being free to criticize the administration at its weakest points while still staunchly supporting its strongest liberal policies—which leaves the Democrats in the position of defense and of pleading for support on straight-party or Farley lines.

The Republican platform, with strong indications of the independent Senator's hand upon it, is concise and definite, and even more liberal than the New Deal itself.

"It is the best platform ever adopted by a political party in New Mexico," said Cutting in his acceptance speech to the Republican convention which had just nominated him by acclamation. He then proceeded immediately to reassert his independence of partisan politics, pledging himself to the spirit but not the letter of the platform, and again announcing his allegiance to the Democratic administration's liberal policies. But the convention roared its approval. They stand or fall by Cutting, as they well know.

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The platform of the Democrats is nationally self-congratulatory, but on local issues it is evasive; it has to soft-pedal the chief local issue, the unpopular sales tax imposed by the present Democratic state administration. In fact, this tax furnishes the Republicans with their most effective ammunition, citing as they do the President's stand against this inequitable impost.

Congressman Chavis, the Democratic candidate, is hardly of senatorial stature. It would be a pity (however it might please Mr. Farley) if by the vagaries of this year's political contra-dance, New Mexico should send an administration yes-man to the Senate and thereby lose to that body one of its most fearless, intelligent and genuinely distinguished members. And there is some danger of it, for there are strong reactionary forces opposing him.

All this is very confusing to the voters. Even with a campaign in which all speeches are made twice—once in English and once in Spanish, each speaker accompanied by an interpreter who translates phrase by phrase—it is doubtful if the voters or the "politicos" themselves know quite what the issues are. Here as elsewhere the essential contest is between the liberals and the reactionaries, and Cutting is the liberal leader. Reactionaries of both sides, involving some of the most powerful money interests of the state, are at work against him, and their curious underground slogan is "Get Cutting in 1934 and defeat Roosevelt in 1936."

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER.

Santa Fé.

Speaking in General

THE ONE striking feature of the congressional campaign is its complete lack of an issue. Hence, from the national point of view, all color has vanished from the contest and most of the uncertainty as well. The whole business is listless.

That the next Congress will again be heavily dominated by New Deal Democrats is accepted. The Republicans seem bound to lose from two to five seats in the Senate and a two-thirds majority in that body is practically assured. As to the House, the Republicans have ceased to make claims and have no real expectation of large gains. The campaign for Congress in many states has degenerated into a competition for the support of the voters on the relief rolls and other recipients of government cash. Democratic candidates have been deliberately encouraged in this by the strategy of Mr. Farley, but the Republicans have shown neither courage nor character in contrast. They not only have not dared make New Deal expenditures an issue, but, in most states, vie with their Democratic rivals in promises of a continuation of federal liberality. The result is a fight without debate or discussion, on about as low a plane as can be conceived.

My information is that if Sinclair is beaten in California—and the odds are slightly against him—it will not be because of the so-called radical nature of his program, the strength and money of his conservative opponents, the treachery of some supporting Democratic leaders or the open desertion of others, but because of his alleged antagonism to all forms of organized religion. His utterances on the subject are being used to stir up resentment among the church people, particularly Catholics—who are very strong in California.

In New York, the feeling here is that, while Mr. Moses has made a far better campaign and is infinitely superior as a man, Lehman will be elected. The combination of Tammany, Farley, Al Smith, the federal patronage and expenditures, is just too stiff to overcome. The reëlection of the gelatinous Copeland to the Senate is a certainty.

In New Jersey, those who know the situation best are convinced that Harry Moore, ex-Governor, will defeat the dull, reactionary Hamilton Kean for the Senate. Gerry is considered likely to win in Rhode Island. Senator Walcott has a bitter fight in Connecticut, with about an even chance of winning. In Massachusetts, the Republicans are nearly in despair over the Jim Curley campaign, and almost disposed to concede his victory over Gaspar Bacon. The reëlection of Senator Walsh is considered even more certain. His opponent, Mr. Washburn, a free-lance journalist, is without personal or party strength. One interesting phase of the Massachusetts fight is the activity of James Roosevelt in behalf of Mr. Curley. Son James's support, it is said, is not regarded as an asset, his utterances have not endeared him to anyone and have certainly not done the New Deal much good. One independent candidate wrote a personal letter to the President begging him to take James away.

In Pennsylvania, the prevailing belief is that Senator Reed will win. The campaign is intensely bitter but the bitterness is between Gifford Pinchot, who is supporting Reed because he "can't stand Guffey," and the Democrats. A high-grade Democratic ticket might have won in Pennsylvania this time, but hardly anyone would apply that description to the present ticket.

Out in Wisconsin, the best opinion is that "Bob" La Follette will be reëlected Senator, but the chances of "Phil's" again becoming Governor are not so good. For this, progressives are disposed to blame Mr. Farley, who, it is claimed, could have prevented the Democrats from putting a ticket into the field.

The only other state in which there seems much interest is Ohio, and from there word comes that the unctuous Senator Fess is on the toboggan. "Honest Vic" Donahey is not at heart a New Dealer, and was not the New Deal choice in the primaries. He checks a little short on culture, does not pretend to be profound, could not qualify for the Brain Trust, but is undoubtedly the best vote getter Ohio has had in twenty years. He will not greatly raise the intellectual level of the Senate, but he will be very regular in attendance.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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SEVEN CALIFORNIA POETS

This selection from the work of seven California poets, most of whom have studied or taught at Stanford University, is the second of four short anthologies to be printed this fall in The New Republic. The poems in the present group were selected by Yvor Winters. The next anthology, to appear in an early issue, will include the work of several of the younger proletarian poets.—THE EDITORS.

The Chase

The wind swelling the eyes with tears
Moves slower than the startled doe.
Tailored and white, the rabbit veers
As if she had a whim to go.

Running she crossed and dodged and turned;
I'd swear she neither saw nor heard
But ran for pleasure, unconcerned,
Erratic as a garden bird,

Timid and shy, but not afraid.
Say that her life was in the chase,
To her 'twas nothing that God made,
But wild blood glorying in a race.

Some hours from when I first her saw,
She turned, she stumbled, and she fell.
Love does not work by natural law,
But as it is, it's just as well,

For when the dogs retreated, fought,
And circled the embarrassed doe,
The doe moved only to be caught,
Self-pleased to be encircled so.

And I sat still, gun at my side.
Esteem and wonder stayed desire.
The kill is down. Time will abide.
Time to remember and enquire.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM.

The Beacon

Man gives his heart away;
Whether for good or ill,
    He cannot say
Who shapes the object in his will.

The will has pure delight
Conceiving self. I praise
    Far lamps at night,
Cold landmarks for reflection's gaze—

Distant they still remain,
Oh, unassailed, apart!
    May time attain
The promise ere death seals the heart!

J. V. CUNNINGHAM.

Pont Neuf

Henry the Fourth rides in bronze,
His shoulders curved and pensive, thrust
Enormously into electric
Blazonments of a Christmas trust.

Children pass him, aghast and pleased,
Reflective of the flickerings
Of jerky bear and clown. Alone,
Astute to all the bickerings

Of age and death rides Henry the Grand.
A lean tug shudders in the Seine;
And Notre Dame is black, a relic
Of the blood of other men.

Peace to the other men! And peace
To the mind that has no century,
And sees the savage pull the statue down,
And down the bear and clown!

HOWARD BAKER.

To Dr. Johnson

With what imperious "Sir!" you devastated
Coherences relieved of miracles,
I do not know; nor how you demonstrated
That cornered doubters wore the stripe of trulls.

But after all the hue and cry is done,
Though he is victor who defends the name
Of the Immortal Soul, what has he won?
Death not more lightly shakes the mortal frame.

With you we stand, watching a smoky sky.
The dim eye rolls, blurring with darkness, haunted
By memory of faces; mutterings die
Along the draft; the heaving blood is daunted

In the blue stale chill on flesh. No other terms:
We are all Boswells harkening the worms.

HOWARD BAKER.

For Margaret Hamilton

Who died August 31, 1933

You left no image of your face,
The firm contour, the lovely brow,
In ash destroyed, dissolvéd now
Save in the lines our memories trace.
And all your work was in that old
Symbol of our mortality,
The potter's clay, that, moist and cold,
Your fingers brought awhile to be
Fine vessels, platter, cup and bowl,
To hold like life the wholesome bread,
The milk, the wine. Ah, clear and whole
They stand, and you alone are fled!

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Fragile the monument! The glaze
You laid thereon, the blue and green
Like beetle's wings on sunny days,
An armor only to be seen,
Is no defense against the hour
When the hand, careless, shall destroy
The careful shape translated sure
From all that was your life's employ.

'Twas a right scorn for permanence.
And not less lovely that their end
Implicit was in their design,
You lovingly spared no expense
Of care to finish, glaze and sign—
Yet signed mortality, sweet friend.

JANET LEWIS.

To a Young Artist

With bare feet bend the bladed grass,
The green branch break, the crumpled hull
Of pepper-berry slip, and pass
Where thickened water slides; in full
Awareness weigh the mountain's mass.
As sharp as acid etching glass

Let light break its compound, start
In several fractions, blue and red,
Or round up softly from the heart
Of hammered copper or a head
Of deep translucent hair, impart
Grandeur to a wooden cart.

Feel the filly's shoulder heave
And, loosened, stretch to reach again,
Feel her shivering flanks that cleave,
Her legs like scythes that shed, the grain.
Know all these and still conceive
That art can solve the pain they leave.

Be tranquil deeply: do not fear
The wrench that shakes the rockbound bed.
Deep waters strongly hurled adhere,
And by their weight are quieted.
So, closely living, you may clear
The dust from art and be sincere.

BARBARA F. GIBBS.

Spring, 1934

For J. V. Cunningham

'Tis the earth's spring, and all the air is sweet;
Through town and country hills I walk to greet
This greening April saved from what is His.
This a great desert and brief garden is.

The sands are hot and piled in shining cones.
The grass is soft, and water smooths the stones,
Birds peep and sing the leafy budding year,
My spring and summer are together here.

Let my sharp youth enjoy them as my own,
Free of vagaries that dull age has known,
For snatched from Heaven is this brilliant land,
And bright with doubt I flee His sheltering hand.

In fear I shall embrace Him when I'm old,
His eye is darkness and His palm is cold,
His dreadful visage He will never show.
I shall not know Him, yea, but I shall know.

DON STANFORD.

Helen

She walked among all men a thing of light,
Beauty immortal struck to mortal face;
An image purely wrought for calm delight,
To feed men's time-worn eyes a timeless grace.

Yet where she moved in her perfected shape,
Neutral through tumult and the wild alarms,
Their vision tainted by a dream of rape,
Men sought the secret savor of her arms.

About her feet the purple blood of gods
With mortal crimson stained the Teucrian sands,
And godlike men, insatiate, one with clods,
Drew over her their eyes like eager hands.

She saw their limbs wash bloodless in from sea
Who could not taste of beauty and go free.

CLAYTON STAFFORD.

John Day, Frontiersman

Among the first and farthest! Elk and deer
Fell as your rifle rang in rocky caves.
There your lean shadow swept the still frontier,
Your eyes regarded the Columbia's waves.

Amid the stony winter, gray with care,
Hunted by savages from sleep to sleep
—Those patriots of darkness and despair!—
You climbed in solitude what rigid steep!

Broken at last by very force of frame,
By wintry hunger like a warrior's brand,
You died a madman. And now bears your name
A gentle river in a fertile land.

The eminence is gone that met your eye.
The winding savage, too, has sunk away.
Now, like a summer myth, the meadows lie,
Deep in the calm of sylvan slow decay.

YVOR WINTERS.[1]

[1] The contributors to this collection of verse are identified in a note on page 374 of this issue.—THE EDITORS.

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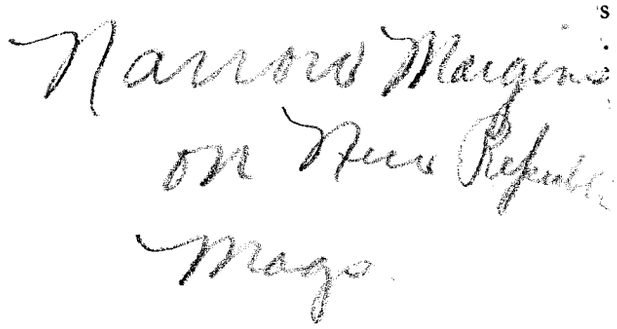
The Socialism of the Labor Party

WHAT THE British Labor Party says or thinks at its annual conference is doubtfully "news," as the short-range mind of the professional journalist understands that term. It is not "news" for two reasons. In the first place, this party is not in a position to translate its thoughts and utterances into acts, nor can it conceivably win



missiles, it is apt to think that a leader ... such vehement hostility must deserve it. So, by our fault, our enemy chooses our leaders for us. He praised the moderation of a Macdonald: he called Mr. Thomas a statesman, and we believed him. He calls Cripps an incendiary, and again we half believe him. Of the rest, Mr. Henderson is old and tired, trustworthy and rather dull. Mr. Lansbury is old and beloved and evangelically nebulous. Mr. Morrison is the capable executive, with a passion for efficiency, but he lacks temperament and any wider vision. Dr. Hugh Dalton was born in the governing caste, and has his university training as an economist behind him, but he lacks something of the human quality that wins love and trust. The really dominating personality is Mr. Bevin, the able, but decidedly conservative, trade-union leader. He is not in Parliament, and may not seek to enter it.

On top of this handicap comes another: this urban party makes no progress in winning the rural voters. Finally, the national government, though its inertia can move no one to enthusiasm, has made no mistakes crude enough to alienate the average man. The chances are that the Conservatives, with a negligible contingent of ex-Liberals and two or three Macdonaldites, will come back to office with a small majority in 1935 or 1936.

Why, then, should American readers concern themselves with what the Labor Party says or thinks? There are two reasons that may make the attempt worth while. In the first place it does represent the aspirations and the reactions to experience of a little less than half of the population of this island. In the second place, after the ruin in Germany and Austria of the biggest and the most gallant of the Socialist parties of Europe, it holds in its hands the destinies of this idea. Outside Russia, if we ignore the little Scandinavian countries, socialism in our day may have a future in England, but nowhere else.

Now this party is in a very singular situation. Its leaders are still the old gradualist, reformist team. Its organization, its composition, its discipline, its habits of thought in many ways painfully resemble those of the German Social Democrats. Its real interest probably is centered still in housing, the relief of unemployment and the preservation of peace—attainable goods, or so it supposes, that can be won with no very heroic effort. None the less, partly as the result of the slump, partly because Macdonald's desertion administered a terrific shock and partly under the influence of Sir Stafford Cripps and the Socialist League, it has for three years concentrated most of its thinking and planning on the construction of a bold Socialist platform. Year by year, it has published detailed declarations of policy outlining the means by which it proposes to socialize the banks, the key industries and the land. It summed them up for its conference at Southport in a rather lengthy pamphlet, entitled "Socialism and Peace," which will serve as its program at the next election. It is not always easy to believe that these elderly respectable leaders walk the earth, their brains charged with all this social dynamite. It is still harder to believe that they would have, if the opportunity came to them, the courage, the resource in improvisation, the dynamic, unyielding will to carry this program into effect. However, there it is. Most of it is quite definite and explicit. On this they stake their chances. On this they must brave the enemy's fire. If ever they get into office again, they will have to make a genuine attempt to carry it out.

How far is this, in effect and intention, a genuine Socialist program? It certainly does propose to socialize with astonishing rapidity an immense range of England's economic life. Starting with the

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banks, it goes on to the land, the railways, the coal mines (with some of their associated by-product industries) and electricity, while it proposes to control other forms of transport, and to turn the iron and steel, the textile trade and some others into a type of controlled trust. It would bring investment under a public board of control, and centralize imports and exports under unified direction. In short, it is a scheme of planning, based as to credit, the land and the key industries at least, on public ownership.

This is certainly a bold and comprehensive program, an astonishing phenomenon in this island of compromise, but it is not quite clear that it is socialism, or will lead up to socialism. The industries and services that it socializes outright are certainly the key services from the standpoint of national planning, *i.e.*, they are those on which others depend. But they are not the main sources of capitalist accumulation, which are, in our island today, rather the efficient younger industries—electrical manufacture, motors and chemicals. These are left untouched. Others again, notably iron and steel, though depressed today, may be reorganized into relative prosperity, and they, while undergoing amalgamation, will preserve a capitalist structure. Thus it seems that the socialized banks, railways, mines and electric plant will be privileged to supply credit, transport and power cheaply and efficiently, to a revivified system of profit-making enterprise. The typical structure will be not the socialized industry, but a new type of trust or public corporation, subject to some degree of control but in the main self-governing under capitalist ownership.

This may be envisaged only as a transitional stage, but that answer is far from satisfying the critics of the left, who dread its resemblance to the corporative state. Nor are these content even with the proposals that relate to the socialized industries proper. There is no real attempt to create workers' control. The proposals for compensation, moreover, aim at returning to the present owners the full capital value of their property. That means an eternity of tribute. The Socialist League proposes rather to guarantee income than to repay capital, and would do this for a limited period only, say for twenty-five or thirty years. One asks whether Herbert Morrison, the ablest of the leaders of the right, the creator of the actual London Traffic Board, aims at much more than the introduction of order and efficiency into capitalism. One does not in this London model perceive even the beginning of the classless society.

Though the Socialist League has scored considerable successes in the past—notably by bringing the party to accept the nationalization of the joint-stock banks as well as the Bank of England—it has failed on the main issues, workers' control and compensation. For this it is no great consolation that on the political side it has brought the party to realize that any honest attempt to achieve this program will involve it in some approach to a revolutionary struggle. The official plan now includes (1) the simplification and speeding up of parliamentary procedure, (2) the taking of emergency powers if required to meet a crisis occasioned by the resistance of the financiers, and (3) a pledge that the first Socialist government will in its first term of office abolish the House of Lords. It is much to have got the party to face these realities. It will at least seek a mandate from the electors to clear the path for constructive democracy. It is probable (as the right wing saw with pain) that the first effect of this frankness will not be happy. The electorate will have more than a moment of panic. The chances (poor at best) of an early electoral victory are not improved. The Tories and even the Liberals will pretend (as they do already) that this demand for an efficient legislative machine and for weapons in the struggle with the money power means a dictatorship on the pattern of Moscow. One must steel oneself to expect and face misrepresentation of this kind. Assuredly a party that shrank from facing the inevitable struggle with the City and the Lords would not deserve to lead a great adventure. It seems to have faced it, and in its quiet, stolid way the movement is preparing itself for an effort that can begin in earnest only after another period of Tory rule.

The other half of the Labor Party's program presented at the Southport Conference was to my thinking the more disappointing—its international policy. Here the failure of the Socialist League to influence it was complete; nor did it, when faced with the massed labor-union vote, poll even an encouraging minority. One cannot debate such a subject adequately in brief speeches, at a hurried conference, but the heavy failure after an ambitious effort will injure the prestige of the Socialist League, which at the two previous conferences invariably won when it challenged a vote.

The policy that the Executive Committee put forward showed no fresh thinking. Facing a world rushing through rearmament to war, it clung serenely to the Wilsonian idealism that it adopted in 1917. It places all its hopes in the League of Nations. It would tighten its commitments, arm it with an aerial police, and go on preaching disarmament to the Japanese, the Nazis and the Duce. Americans rarely err by overestimating the League, but this obstinate loyalty still survives in the European labor movement. The Executive Committee, realizing that it would have to meet the more or less Marxist realism of the Socialist League, did indeed decorate its pathetically liberal document with some quasi-socialist phrases. It said that capitalism will always breed war. It professed its faith in a "Coöperative World Commonwealth." But it failed to explain how a League, bound by the rule of unanimity and composed mainly of capitalist, and largely of fascist, governments, can evolve in this desirable direction. The left, after stressing the economic causes of the present crisis, and tracing the futility of the League to its composition, its constitution and its birth at Versailles, proposed two lines of policy. In opposition it would proclaim and prepare the duty of mass resistance by the gen-

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eral strike to any capitalist war. Here it had the youth of the party behind it, and the support of the miners, and carried nearly a third of the Conference with it. For the Executive Committee, of course, any war is righteous which Geneva blesses. In office the Socialist League proposed an attempt to inaugurate the nucleus of an International Socialist Federation by entering into the closest political and economic combination with the Soviet Union. On this issue, presented as an alternative to blind reliance on Geneva, the Socialist League was beaten by ten to one. And that was hardly surprising, for Moscow had spiked its guns in advance, by itself entering the League. Thus, leaderless, lurching heavily to the right under labor-union pressure, and not very sure of itself, the British labor movement gropes its way amid tragic issues.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Washington Notes

The Bankers Convene—Coöperation as Enlightened Selfishness—The N.R.A. in a Stalemate

NOW THAT the American Bankers' Convention is over and the much talked-of reassurance speech of the President a thing of the past, it is interesting to point out one or two things which, naturally, escaped public attention at the time. One of these was the extraordinary number of individuals called to the White House for conferences just prior to the opening of the convention and during its sessions. Bankers scurried in and out at all hours. It was an obscure financier indeed who either was not "sent for by the President" or got a reassuring message through one of his contact men. Dr. Raymond Moley was on hand the last two days, and so, I am informed, was Mr. B. M. Baruch—back of the scenes, but using his influence to promote a coöperative spirit on both sides. Those with whom Mr. Roosevelt personally conferred came away looking important and tremendously reassured.

The great argument still being made, by the bankers and business men on one side, and the presidential advisers and intimates on the other, is that mutual interest compels coöperation. The incoming Congress will be, it is asserted, bent upon further relief expenditures, devaluation and inflation. Mr. Roosevelt personally, it is held, is strongly against these things, but he will need all the help he can get from the business, banking and journalistic interests if Congress is to be prevented from going to disastrous extremes. Under the circumstances, if the business and banking interests are intelligent, they will cease criticizing Mr. Roosevelt and support him as the one real bulwark against radicalism. Coöperation and support of the President, it is pointed out to the business leaders, is merely enlightened selfishness. Thus they have argued and, I think, rather effectively.

Certainly, they succeeded in scaring the bankers very badly. They also succeeded in convincing a considerable number of the more important among them that the President is sincerely anxious now to go to the right, that he has had enough experimentation, that he is dead set now for retrenchment, budget balancing and stabilization. Of course, Mr. Roosevelt made no such commitments in his speech. Reassuring to the business interests as it was in tone, in reality it said nothing he had not said before and in no way changes the situation. What the speeches of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Jackson Reynolds amounted to in effect is that the President assures the bankers that he believes in capitalism, the profit system and the value of private banks, but warns them not to try pinning him down at the moment to orthodox procedure. In return the bankers, as interpreted by Mr. Reynolds, tell each other that the President's heart is in the right place and that, while they do not care for a lot of his program, they vastly prefer him to something that might be very much worse.

From the administration's standpoint, the convention speeches have stilled banking and business criticism of the President for the time being, and strengthened him in the spot where he was weakest. From the banking standpoint, assurances have been given that there will be no further drastic steps taken toward banking reform, no more open administration hostility to bankers, and an effort made toward governmental economy. From the public standpoint, there is not much to be said, except that it seems quite obvious that the militant and aggressive spirit with which the administration seemed at first imbued has almost completely gone, and the force, fire and fervor that might have made a real thing out of the New Deal are diluted to the vanishing point.

As things are today, the heart has gone out of many of the liberals in the administration, and the progressive Republicans, who were the most effective of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters in the Senate, are disappointed and distressed. One hears, here in Washington, considerable bitter language from men who enlisted under the Roosevelt banner for what they were led to believe was a real war against the money changers. However, these will be cheered up shortly I am sure. Having reassured the bankers, comforted the business interests and silenced some of his most articulate critics, the President is now in a fine position to make his gesture to the left. In some word or action I fully expect him to make it clear to the progressive element that his heart beats true for the liberal cause, that he has no idea of retracing his steps, that his social program for the next session will not be abandoned, and so forth and so on. Therefore, I am not disposed to attach too much importance or significance either to his banking-convention speech or to the so-called truce which through the underground efforts of Messrs. Moley, Baruch and a few others, supplementing his own personal touches, has been effected with big business.

The whole truth is, I think, that the hostility of the business and banking people, which had been growing more articulate, worried Mr. Roosevelt and he determined to end it, if he could. It will be conceded that he went about the job in a skillful and effective way. Following the convention, Washington has been saturated with rumors of liberal disaffection. Most of these center around the absent Professor Tugwell, who, it is declared, will find upon his return that his work in the future will be entirely administrative and not policy shaping. The best informed take slight stock in these reports and are convinced that there will be no change in the character of Mr. Tugwell's work or of his relations with either Secretary Wallace or the President.

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Speaking of policies, it seems interesting to me that Mr. Roosevelt, after naming a special policy-forming committee for the reorganized N.R.A., should absorb most of the supposed functions of this committee himself. For several weeks after it was named, the committee loafed along in a purely perfunctory manner. A few days ago, Mr. Roosevelt called it into conference with himself, and the announcement was later made that the committee henceforth would meet once a week with the President. Clearly this means that, as far as the new policies of the N.R.A. are concerned, the committee will not be a free agent, which, perhaps, is a good thing.

I do not like to throw cold water on the earnest efforts of forward-looking men, but candor compels me to state that the task of revitalizing the N.R.A. does not appear to be making much progress. The plain fact seems to be that the confusion and disintegration within the organization is pitiable, and its future not bright. The readjustment process presents great difficulties and some of those engaged in it are inclined to believe the best thing after all may be to let the whole N.I.R.A. automatically expire next June. It would be easier to preserve the good features of the scheme through separate enactments than to keep the old machine going. When a thing like this starts to sag it is generally finished. Apparently, however, it takes more courage than this administration has to admit it.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Wall Street Cheers Up—Who's Taking Whom into Camp?—A Voice from the Grave

IT IS pleasant to see the long depressed and deeply discouraged brokers in Wall Street cheered, if only for the moment. Gloom has been thick in those once cheery regions. As matters stand, one of the chief topics of conversation is the problem of how the small amount of business down there is going to keep so many brokerage houses going. Employees have had a recent cut and now the outlook is for lay-offs, mergers to reduce office forces, lean pickings generally. But these are innocent souls, these Wall Street brokers. It takes very little to brighten their spirits and during this last week more thin little beams of light have broken through various crevices than at any time in many months.

It is incredible that they have been brightened by so feeble a ray as President Roosevelt's assurance that he still believes in the profit system. I have several times referred to these Wall Streeters as boobs. Can it be that I was right? Have they really believed that Roosevelt was opposed to the profit system so that now this highly superfluous assurance is necessary to cheer them? But this is only one of many chinks of light.

The decision of Justice Alfred A. Wheat in Washington holding the railroad employees' Retirement Pension Act unconstitutional produced a feeling of high exultation in countless breasts. The Street was also filled with rumors that the big boys have had some assurances from the President that he is definitely committed to play ball with business. There has been an endless stream of big-business callers at the White House for the last two months. Not since the days of Hoover immediately following the beginning of the depression has there been such a procession. Moreover, they have been invited to tea and many have remained overnight as house guests. This fact has been stressed in business circles here as an evidence of the President's return to sound advisers.

This is a feeble reed to lean on. It is related in Wall Street that last January Mr. Richard Whitney and one of his advisers called at the White House for a long conference with the President. When Mr. Whitney returned to New York he appeared before a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Exchange. Present also were members of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms' advisory committee. Mr. Whitney, looking very important and more or less swollen with secret news, said: "Gentlemen, I think I am able to assure you that there will be no stock-exchange legislation at this session of Congress. I can say this on the highest authority." An irreverent member of the Stock Exchange Firms' committee said: "Why, you are plumb crazy if you think any such thing." Mr. Whitney drew himself up pontifically. "I have said," he repeated, "that there will be no action at this session. And I say so *on the highest authority,*" with awesome emphasis on the last phrase.

Poor Whitney had talked with the President. No one believes that the President gave him any such assurance. But everyone knows that the President has a way of sending everyone away believing that he has made his point. This is supposed to be clever politics. But in the end there is an accumulation of sentiments in various breasts to the effect that there has been a little double-crossing. Maybe that is good politics. We shall see.

There is another side to the picture. Down in Washington, when I mentioned the serious aspect of this turning to big business men for advice, I was told not to be alarmed. The President is taking them all into camp. These fellows are enormously flattered by attention from the President. But up to now the President has not been so adroit in this. He has been taken into camp himself a few times and to his profound embarrassment. For instance, when he got to fraternizing with these same big business men when the N.R.A. was being framed I was told how the rats were being lured into the trap. But when it was all over it turned out that these gentlemen had been permitted by the President, to use his own words, "to write their own tickets" in making the codes. They had taken him into camp. Everybody trembled for that poor, naïve, amiable and innocent soul, Upton Sinclair, when he went to see the Squire at Hyde Park. But now it appears it is the President who is worried about the result of that visit. Sinclair who, of course, has infinitely more brains than Roosevelt, had captured him. Now once again we shall see who has been taken into camp.

A good deal of jubilation, which may turn out to have been premature, is indulged in by the foes of the old Johnson-Roosevelt N.R.A. I called attention some months ago to what I then believed to be the plans of organized business with reference to the N.R.A.

> We will see now an effort to preserve what is called by business men the "best features of the N.R.A." They don't want the abrogation of the policy of self-

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rule in industry. They want even the shadow of government supervision ended. Above all, they want the shadow of the pitiful clause about collective bargaining ended. They have no intention of giving up the overlordship of the American Iron and Steel Institute over the steel industry, the legislative dominance of the Wholesale Grocers' Association over the retail grocery and food industry. The strategy is to continue the suspension of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act so that the trade associations may continue their codes of practice with price fixing and production control and regulation of competition but without government collaboration in this function. Also they wish the breaking down of the N.I.R.A. to end Section 7a guaranteeing collective bargaining, etc.

This is quoted from an article I wrote many months ago.

Now comes Mr. H. I. Harriman of the United States Chamber of Commerce, announcing it is his conviction that a permanent act of great value to industry and labor can be drawn and still one "which will not improperly burden the consumer." This law would be administered by a board of five, the board being restricted to mere approval of codes. The law would be a purely civil law and without criminal sanctions. "Industry would be solely responsible for formulating codes, and although the government could suggest modifications, industry would determine whether or not to accept them. . . . Price fixing, quotas and specific limitations on production would be seldom, if ever, resorted to." And of course nothing about labor whatever.

Will he succeed? Well, the two groups now functioning are headed by S. Clay Williams and Donald Richberg, respectively, the former an avowed champion of the company union, the latter certainly no enemy of it. The board has announced that there will be no more price fixing or production control in codes. But existing codes already have these provisions and they cover, according to the boast, 90 percent of organized industry, and yet there is to be no interference with existing codes. The same is true of price fixing. Meantime our big-business friends are close to the throne and generally succeed in getting what they want. Let us withhold our cheers over the demise of the N.R.A. It is not dead yet.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

The Barber

I know the shape of every head in town;
At all town meetings I can mark with pride
How smooth the necks are, how the hair thins down
Above the collar and on either side.
Henry has bumps like eggs behind his ear,
And Martin's skull is broad and flat behind;
Each one I recognize from front and rear
According to the cover for his mind.
It's not my business how their suits are worn,
Nor what the fashion is in dress and hose;
But when the hair is ragged and forlorn,
And when the chin with stubble overflows,
I think with fear upon the human lot
If they were as they are, and I were not.

GEORGE ABBE.

East Side Mural

A MURAL has just been unveiled (October 24) at Madison House, which stands in the wraithlike shadow of Brooklyn Bridge. This mural, which has been made to decorate the auditorium of the settlement house, has roused considerable interest in the neighborhood, for the people who live on East Side's Madison Street regard that fresco as their own. Last spring, in April, they watched Stephan Dimitroff and Lucienne Bloch build their own scaffold and set to work upon the sides of a wall whose center was hollowed to contain a stage. The two young artists did not spare themselves: they were used to hard work under the driving speed of Diego Rivera, whom they had served at Rockefeller City. This project, however, was at once a simpler and larger effort toward coöperation than any experiment on uptown walls. It was to represent the lives of people who lived in the tenements that lie near the heart of a large island city; one must feel the towering of the city behind them, and yet keep the picture clear of any involved or "literary" symbolism which would falsify the very spirit of the neighborhood.

I believe that Dimitroff and Bloch have succeeded where mural painters of greater reputation or notoriety have failed. I know of no mural in any public building in New York which has behind it the conviction of this unpretentious record of life in a tenement community. The design of the piece is firm, strong, simple. The lower panel at the left reveals an East Side market street: pushcarts and spread sunshades and a crowd of Semitic, Greek, Italian faces. Above them rise the tenements, and narrowing above the arch of the auditorium stage (one follows the direction of an orator's arm in the crowd below) there is a bread line and beyond it a tractor and wheat and cotton fields set on fire. The eye travels right to a Wall Street market chart with red and blue lines intersecting, then one sees raw munitions, gas masks and the return of mutilated soldiers home from war. Still traveling right, there is revealed a burning tenement and across the street from it one sees disclosed a slum interior and below it another crowd of figures. At the very bottom children are building blocks, and above them young men are building new apartment houses and at their center is another orator.

But for the detail at the top-center, the color of the piece is luminous, as though a hidden light were radiating from the two masses on either side; the gaze from the eyes of children on the right is wide and steady; the figures in the two street-scenes, though actually less than lifesize, seem to take on heroic proportions: heads, shoulders seem well fit to carry the burdens of the world and to bring change to a social order. This is indicated not so much from the obvious story told, but from the way the figures are conceived, in the clear golden color pouring light from many faces. The feeling is conveyed directly through a painter's medium and we may forget, if we choose, the limitations of the story. Under the surfaces of a technique learned from Diego Rivera, Dimitroff and Bloch are reasserting that honesty in American painting that has for its precedent the work of Thomas Eakins. In drawing upon the sources of an immediate environment for their mural the two young artists have given their work a solidity that cannot be shaken by a change of style in painting. They have stressed the

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positive values to be found within a tenement community and have disclosed the potential forces at work within it. I would say that the unveiling of their mural is one of the most heartening events of the current art season in the city of New York. HORACE GREGORY.

Rock and Water

MR. ROBERT FLAHERTY, one of the few directors who can sign his name in lights and still not make money for somebody, has been two years on his latest picture. It is being distributed by Gaumont-British as "Man of Aran" and was taken on the Aran Islands, where there is little besides rock and water and the wind, and where these three combine to make one of the most dangerous—certainly the most mighty and beautiful—seas in the world. The only plot is the natural one of people struggling to keep alive—in this case a man, a woman and a boy, all islanders themselves. They go out to fish in boats and come back if God wills; they scrape up enough soil to grow spuds in; they bend down and straighten up and keep an eye on the weather. And their struggle, open or implied, is vivid enough to carry the more documentary parts of the film.

Technically, I found "Man of Aran" rather wonderful, never having seen such a boil and thunder of surf as takes up a third of the footage. Mr. Flaherty himself is responsible for the camera work, which is really very fine all the way through: there is good feeling of the part the elements play—even in clear weather on shore—in the way people stand against a tall background of sky and in the way wind is almost made visible in this monotony of low tableland and the sea far out. One of the most authentic things is the talk of the people, sometimes unintelligible, sometimes with a word or phrase standing clear, a command passed along in the quick thoughtful way of men whose whole concentration is on the action it calls for (Hold what you've got, Hold hard now, Steady now), several voices speaking at once, grunts, murmurs. No one speaks into the camera, there are no soliloquies: speech is a natural thing rather than the means of exposition it has become on the stage. The effect is one of good accompaniment, and should be copied.

But "Man of Aran," however real, would have made better truth if it had been handled with more of the art of fiction. In the first place, I do not think that for all the roughness of their clothes, their labor and good stout speech, Mr. Flaherty's people have one-quarter as much of what it is really like as Synge's in "Riders to the Sea." Here the material is so concentrated on the more vivid episodes of island life that the result is more idyllic than actual: there is no full conception of the long round of bitter days making up the less picturesque side. How you could remedy this and still make it dramatic is hard to know: there is small precedent in the movies. But certainly the film could with advantage be more varied than it is. There are only four or five phases of life touched on, if you exclude such incidents as the patching of the boat, and in working these out (especially the seaweed carrying, the putting of those at sea in relief against those on shore) repetition is too much favored over selection.

There is always a tendency to ridicule fiction in the movies, many confusing the easy empty he-she-it stuff with sound creation, which relates people with whom we can associate ourselves to the fact we are supposed to be assimilating, making it more memorable and vivid. Mr. Flaherty, for example, has inevitably adopted many of the means of story-telling in stating his fact: his storm is little but water until men have to beat in through it; his way of bringing in many things is the casual one of letting you discover for yourself (not a title: This is the way they wear their shoes; but a close-up, while the man is engaged in something else, of the shoe on his foot). But, although he started with good material, in understanding, varying and selecting it he should have gone further. His picture is beautiful but occasionally dull and almost altogether too happy, and still beautiful, better than anything else around.

Proper selection and variation, two important adjuncts of fictional truth, are too frequently dismissed under some such glib term as Hollywood slickness anyway; and those who could sit at the feet of the best slickers are many. In running the camera letter by letter from A to Z to show that the character is eating alphabet soup, the Soviet directors are the worst offenders, above all in their documentary films. I still remember two rather old products: "A Day in Moscow" and "The Soviets Greet New Turkey." These, stretching material for about one reel out into forever, were pretty terrible, and not in a quibbling art-for-art sense. The most important thing about any creation, certainly, is the general effect it has on the observer; and how can he be coaxed to like even a good thing if you keep rubbing his nose in it? Hollywood seems to have learned better than anyone that in making a picture you are not writing a book, that because the observer can catch in a visual moment or two what would require five pages of print, a film has got to be kept moving and shifting if its material is to be developed rather than worn to death. And what is Hollywood doing with this special knowledge at present, lest we should load the dice too much in its favor? It is displaying in full and advertised view such big-time pieces as "Madame du Barry," "Caravan," "The Last Gentleman," "Peck's Bad Boy," "The Barretts," etc. —all practically fatal. You might try to be partial to Hollywood, and might in the case of such lively pictures as "The Merry Widow" (of which more later) succeed for a time; but in the long run Hollywood will knock that on the head all by itself, never fear. OTIS FERGUSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Credit

SIR: I have read with keen interest and approval the article by Max Lowenthal, "Thirty Dollars in Wall Street," appearing in The New Republic, October 17, 1934, issue, regarding the North German Lloyd Steamship Company's bonds. . . .

Since Mr. Lowenthal mentioned by name the great and influential legal firms that represented the defaulting steamship company, it would seem but proper recognition of work well done to state that the champion of the small investors in this case was Mr. Jacob Chaitken of New York City, while Judge James Watson of the Municipal Court of New York City should also merit commendation for his clear-cut effective decision in favor of the investors.

ALBERT F. COYLE.

New York City.

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Mr. Hanson and the Press Code

[In our issue of July 4 we published an article by John Scribner, "Newswriters vs. the N.R.A.," describing the struggle of the American Newspaper Guild with the Publishers' Association and the N.R.A. authorities during the framing of the Newspaper Code. Mr. Scribner accused the Code Authorities of having broken promises made to the Guild. Mr. Elisha Hanson, counsel for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, denied most of Mr. Scribner's statements and in our issue of September 26 we published the section of his letter dealing with the organization of the Newspaper Code. Mr. Scribner also commented upon Mr. Hanson's personal part in the negotiations. Below we continue Mr. Hanson's letter.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: For Mr. "Scribner" or anyone else to say that I ever attempted to use Mrs. Roosevelt as an emissary to reach the President, after the publishers had failed to see him personally, is false, malicious and libelous. Contrary to his statement, I have not attended any White House tea since March 4, 1933; nor have I ever attended any tea party at which Mrs. Roosevelt was present. I have never met Mrs. Roosevelt. Had I the privilege of her acquaintance, I would not degrade it as this man "Scribner" reports. In my opinion, no self-respecting journalist would have written such a report without verifying it, and no respectable journal would have printed it without verification.

In respect of my law practice, I have represented the Byllesby Engineering and Management Corporation for a number of years. But in respect of Mr. "Scribner's" inference that my law firm was improperly engaged in lobbying against the Walsh resolution and in favor of the transfer of the utility investigation to the Federal Trade Commission because "At that time the F.T.C. was safer for the power interests," his statements again are false and libelous.

Upon his retirement from the United States Senate on March 4, 1927, former Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, became my law partner. From that time until he retired from my firm to become an Associate Justice of the United States Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, in the spring of 1929, he never once appeared on the floor or in the cloakrooms of either House of Congress for any purpose whatsoever, social or business. During the time Judge Lenroot was my partner—and both before and since for that matter—this office has never accepted any business on a purely political basis. I take no cases in which my views as to procedure or the law are subordinated to those of any other attorney. I accept full responsibility for victory or defeat in every proceeding which I handle. And if clients are not agreeable to this method, they are requested to obtain other counsel.

In 1927, I think, Professor William Z. Ripley, of Harvard University, published a series of articles on business practices which were later printed in book form. The late Senator Walsh of Montana seized upon these and introduced a resolution in the Senate proposing an investigation of utility companies by a special committee of the Senate. The resolution was referred to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, which announced that it would hold public hearings thereon.

The Joint Committee of National Utility Associations asked me to meet with its attorney in New York to discuss the employment of my firm in this proceeding. This I did, and as a result of the conference there, we were retained for these specific purposes:

> (a) To give advice on the important legal questions raised by the resolution;
> (b) To give advice as to the proper procedure before the Senate; and
> (c) To present the case of the Utility Associations before the Senate Committee.

After the hearings were concluded, the resolution was reported to the Senate, where, upon motion made by Senator George of Georgia, the investigation, by vote of the Senate, was ordered by the Federal Trade Commission. In so far as the propriety of this action by the Senate is concerned, Professor Ripley, probably, is the best witness. He stated:

> A searching inquiry by real experts, ***not by politicians,*** stripped of all political bias . . . this is the downright need of the moment. ("Main Street and Wall Street," page 352. Italics mine.)

In other words, Professor Ripley opposed the very kind of investigation which Senator Walsh proposed and which Judge Lenroot and I opposed. Rather, Professor Ripley, who was the real sponsor of the investigation, argued for the very sort of an investigation which the Senate ordered and which the Trade Commission is still in the process of making. Professor Ripley's opinion of the Federal Trade Commission at the time Mr. "Scribner" said it "was safer for the power interests" is of record. In his book, he said:

> Let the word go forth that the Federal Trade Commission is henceforward to address itself to the matter of adequate and intelligent corporate publicity and . . . the thing is as good as done. ("Main Street and Wall Street," page 228.)

There was never any secret about Judge Lenroot's and my employment. However, when the fact that we were paid for our services and the amount of the payment became known, attacks were made on both of us. Among these was an editorial in one of the leading newspapers of the United State—directed chiefly at Judge Lenroot, on an absolutely false report from Washington that he had abused his privilege as a former member by lobbying on the floor of the Senate against the Walsh resolution. Notwithstanding the fact that I was the attorney for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, of which the publisher of this paper was an active member, I demanded an apology. The newspaper conducted an independent investigation, found that the alleged facts on which its editorial was based were absolutely without foundation, and expressed its extreme sorrow for the attack.

In the course of his investigation, the publisher submitted the editorial in question to Senator Walsh, who, without qualification, condemned it in toto and stated that Judge Lenroot had not been guilty of any impropriety. Notwithstanding their divergent positions, Senator Walsh sent a copy of his letter to the publisher to Judge Lenroot and expressed his own personal regret over the publication of the editorial.

Whether Senator Walsh was right on one hand or Professor Ripley, Judge Lenroot and I were right on the other, it is a significant fact that the Federal Trade Commission assigned the investigation to its Chief Counsel, Judge Healy, who, as a result of his work in that proceeding, was recently selected by President Roosevelt to serve on the new Stock Exchange and Securities Commission.

As for the Byllesby Company itself, Senator Walsh again is an equally good witness. In the Senate, while discussing the operations of the Federal Power Commission, he expressed regret that the Commission had not taken steps to persuade the Byllesby Company to develop a project in his own state of Montana, a license for which had been given to another company.

There is no record in any proceeding in which I have served the Byllesby Company of excessive charges made by that company "to the injury of both stockholders and consumers," as Mr. "Scribner" alleges.

While the question as to the future of holding companies is still before us, nevertheless, the record of the Federal Trade Commission proceedings shows that the Byllesby group has never borrowed from the operating companies for the benefit of the holding company, whereas, on the other hand, it demonstrates that, in the case of many of the subsidiaries, and in several periods of depression, various of the operating companies could not have survived but for the strength of the parent group. If there be a valid reason for the existence of a holding company it is just this. Certainly, the United States at the present time is performing a similar function in the Tennessee Valley, on the Columbia River and at Boulder Dam.

As for the statements in respect of the Potomac River power development, the facts are that Secretary of War Baker, as far back as 1920, recommended public development of the project, and in lieu of that, private. Congress ignored his recommendation and several years after, the Potomac River Corporation, pursuant to the provisions of the Federal Water Power Act, ob-

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tained a permit, preliminary to a license, to develop the project. Congress later ordered the Power Commission to hold the matter in *statu quo* pending a determination by it as to its policy in respect of the Potomac. It still has to make a determination. The expenditure of $100,000,000 under the supervision and control of the federal Power Commission, with plans for all bridges, dams, buildings and roadways subject to the approval of the Federal Fine Arts Commission and the National Capital Park and Planning Commission is not a "power grab." . . .

The Potomac River project, according to the army engineers, is the greatest undeveloped power project in the United States. It is a crime against the public interest that Congress will neither provide for its development by the government nor by a private company pursuant to the terms of the Water Power Act.

Your author mentions my employment by the newspapers and the utilities. He intimates that it was not until last year, and after demands from the N.R.A. for a code that the American Newspaper Publishers' Association "called in Elisha Hanson, a Washington attorney, and later made him counsel for the Newspaper Code Authority.

I have represented the A.N.P.A. for more than twelve years. The A.N.P.A., however, did not make me counsel for the Code Authority. I serve that body only if, as and when my services are requested. My first and primary obligation is to the Association, and if ever conflict should arise between the two, my election has already been made. The A.N.P.A. is not responsible for any of the acts of the Code Authority. The latter is not responsible to it—only to those publishers who have assented to the code, more than 700 of whom are not members of the A.N.P.A.

Your contributor condenms me because of the employment he singles out. He failed to mention, however, that, at the present time, I am of record in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia as attorney for the two newspaper men who wrote "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and "More Merry-Go-Round," and that, as their attorney, I compelled one of our leading magazines to correct a grossly inaccurate and unfair statement about one of them.

Your author fails to mention the fact that only a few months ago I served as attorney for the Select Committee on Campaign Expenditures of the United States Senate, and as attorney for Senators Gerald P. Nye and Robert F. Wagner, members of that Committee, in proceedings brought by Bishop Cannon to restrain the Committee and Senators Nye and Wagner individually from going ahead with their investigation of alleged violations of the Corrupt Practices Act. To add that the Bishop lost, which he did, might be considered superfluous.

Your author fails to mention the fact that only a few years ago I successfully defended a federal judge, appointed by President Wilson, in an impeachment proceeding. It is unnecessary for me to add that, as a matter of principle, I have never appeared in his court since.

Your author fails to mention the fact that, from the time my former partner, Judge Lenroot, became an Associate Justice of the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, until a few weeks ago, I never entered an appearance in his court. I am there now solely because the government has appealed to that court a case which I tried in the United States Customs Court, wherein the members of that bench handed down a unanimous opinion against the United States.

But one word more. Mrs. Roosevelt, Judge Lenroot, Harvey Kelly, the Federal Trade Commission and others mentioned maliciously by Mr. "Scribner" need no defense from me. However, to complete the record, I should merely observe that Mr. Kelly holds his position as chairman of the Newspaper Industrial Board not by reason of any influence exerted by publishers or the N.R.A. but by unanimous vote of the members of that Board, employer and employee members alike. Over a long period of years in labor negotiations, he has won not only the respect but, in hundreds of cases, the real love of the men sitting on the opposite side of the table from him. I have considered it a real privilege to work with him and, through him, to meet so many of the representatives of newspaper employees.

ELISHA HANSON.

Washington, D. D.

[1. We regret the mistake of saying that Mr. Hanson saw Mrs. Roosevelt in the course of negotiations on the Newspaper Code. We hope that Mr. Hanson will accept our sincere apologies. The information, we learn, came from a usually reliable Washington newspaper man who apparently made a mistake in identity.

2. Lobbying is the word used to describe the process of convincing congressmen of the correctness or wisdom of following your point of view. It need not be done on the Senate floor or in the cloakroom, and it need carry no improper innuendo. The test is the consequences: Did the activity of Messrs. Lenroot and Hanson result in, or at least aid in, having the utilities investigation conducted by the Federal Trade Commission instead of by a Senate committee? Mr. Hanson, we gather, is inclined to agree with us that it did. We are inclined to call that lobbying.

3. As it happened, the Federal Trade Commission's investigation, under the guidance of Judge Healy, was an excellent piece of work. But the relevant point is that at the time of the controversy the progressives expected a prompt and thorough investigation under Senator Walsh and feared that the Commission would delay the study and whitewash the bad practices of the utilities. In fact, the Commission, though perhaps more thorough, has been far slower than a Senate committee would have been. It is not impossible that a Senate committee investigation of the utilities *at that time* would have prevented some of the worst abuses of utility-holding-company promotion.

4. Politician is a word with a double meaning. In one sense all office holders can be called politicians. In the other sense, the derogatory one intended by Professor Ripley, it applies to a type of person. Judging by Senator Walsh's whole career, including Mr. Hanson's own account of Senator Walsh's behavior during the unjustified attack on Senator Lenroot, that sense of the word was completely inapplicable to him.

5. We do not feel that Mr. Hanson has said the last word on the utility holding companies. He has not, for instance, discussed watered stock, the payment of service fees between affiliates, the difficulty of state regulation when large parts of the utility's property are held and managed through foreign corporations beyond the reach of a single state's regulation.

6. So far as we are aware, the complicated question of Potomac River power is not at issue between ourselves and Mr. Hanson. We trust, however, that he will agree with us that great utility interests have sometimes publicly deplored such stalemates while at the same time they have lobbied in Congress to produce them.

7. In regard to Mr. Kelly's attitude toward newspaper employees, it seems proper to permit him to speak for himself: "Do not be misled by the fact that the contract is presened by a 'guild' instead of by a union. . . . It is prudent to keep in mind that whatever you agree to in a Guild contract is going to find its way into your labor-union contracts very quickly. . . . Another feature of guild contracts requires, in discharge cases, pay running up to several months, according to length of service. Very dangerous!" —THE EDITORS.]

Fighting the Californazis

SIR: The readers of The New Republic will be interested to know that the American Civil Liberties Union is reorganizing its Northern California branch for a vigorous attack on a wide front against the suppression and violence which now menace the right of minorities to meet, speak and organize.

In coöperation with the well established Southern California branch of the A.C.L.U., the northern branch will engage in a public campaign to stop suppressive legislation now being pressed by so-called patriotic and business groups. Several civil cases are being filed to hold the cities and counties responsible for the destruction of property in recent raids.

We take this opportunity to call upon readers of The New Republic who are interested in a well organized defense of civil rights in California to communicate with the Northern California Branch at 439 Mills Building, San Francisco, or the Southern California Branch at 1022 Civic Center Building, Los Angeles, and ally themselves with this program.

CHESTER WILLIAMS,
Organizing Director.

San Francisco, Calif.

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Theatre Gates

Within the Gates, by Sean O'Casey. National Theatre, October 22, 1934.

THERE is a prose drama of order, social base and what might be called the approach of actuality. Molière, I should think, remains the supreme example of this drama; and after a fashion every dramatist of our time, Ibsen, Pinero, Shaw and the rest, has fallen within this tradition. The qualities of tone, arrangement, sanity and light that make Molière supreme will always remain both rare and inaccessible. The quality that sweeps him back into pure theatre proper remains misleading. This quality is a certain spring and a certain inside tumble and mask and dance that derived from the parent theatre of the commedia dell'arte in which Molière's art grew up. It is the element in him that causes the majority of Anglo-Saxons to think of Molière as a farce writer. Interestingly enough, however, this is the same quality that, for all his social theories, made Shaw a go in the theatre: his wit, trick method of statement and rascally clowning, transferred though they are so often to the head, are the pure theatre essence of him. In Pirandello the dialectic themes, those unrealities and realities, and the plot weavings, are only the masks and movements distilled and dancing in the brain.

Meantime the great theatre, in whose essence these dramatists thus participate, remains, its substance, its essential character. Like the commedia dell'arte—like the Greek theatre at a distance—it includes all elements of living: speech, gesture, appearance, the words, the music, the actor, the movement, the scene. The ordinary prose drama—such stuff as we see to nausea, such sweet soakings of it as "The Shining Hour" for example—dies off for lack of this dancing theatre, as many plays of Ibsen's, even, may, now that their ideas cease to be a prancing in the mind; despite their idea they die on us. Facing them is our theatre of vaudeville and musical comedy which, despite the dance and seeming free variety, often dies for lack of the idea. It is, notwithstanding, the direction that our American theatre organically evolves and needs. Our very lack of any society, of any mass ideas beyond advertising and capital letters, our unput energies, natural exhibitionism and lively wish to please, are all, in a way, theatrical quantities. It is only the theatre's misfortune if they fail in the passionate intensity that would make them art and if they miss the poetry that would give them richness and power.

This is the point at which Mr. Sean O'Casey comes in. The theatre needs just this spiritual oddment of his needs, this explosion and variety, this sweep from mood to mood, quality to quality, style to style, this dilation and pressing emotion, this insistence on stress, that Mr. Casey provides throughout "Within the Gates." Good or bad, his play is theatre. It returns to the Gothic barbarism that the Elizabethans followed; it has the confusions of turbulence, the clipped transitions of heated themes, the will to sonority in the ear, the glimpses of the moon, that Shakespeare, to take the top of them, followed. The difference between Mr. O'Casey and Shakespeare is cerebral not generic. What this Irish play lacks and Shakespeare had is air, light, basic relevance; its comic talent is almost as good as Shakespeare's, its final sum, taken seriously, is likely to be adolescent where Shakespeare is ripe, solid and significant.

Critics like Mr. John Anderson, whose theatre penetration is not surpassed in any journal, and Mr. Brooks Atkinson, who is always indulgent toward serious-thought-effort in the theatre, were much more swept than I could be by Mr. O'Casey's drama. I respect and record their reactions. An honest transmission of my own response (which in this case is the only useful function I can perform, since I want this piece to be a run and lesson and advantage to our theatre) would be to say that I find Mr. O'Casey blessed with a great comic talent and a certain elusive poignancy of nature. On the serious side I see no reason why I should allow the author's emotions to blind me to the fact of the banality scattered in and out. Most of the Bishop's speeches, for example, are banal. Many of Miss Gish's lines are scarcely above popular songs—half as many words and twice as many stage images would help her out. The dramatist has to struggle against her lack of technical skill, and she has to struggle against his platitudes of whoring, drums and Salvation Army salvation. One has to endure a lot of thwarted intention in Miss Gish's performance; and yet it must be said that she presents, finally and as a whole sum, a sense of some wandering soul, something lost, delicate and lovely, that helps the play and that no other player could have brought to our stage. Mr. John Daly Murphy, as Basil, the unemployed, was perfect. "Within the Gates" as theatre remained, nevertheless, I think, unrealized, by the author sometimes and oftener by the performers.

Mr. Melvin Douglas' directing, if not inspired, was sincere and often excellent. We can scarcely expect any director to evolve for the play in a few weeks of rehearsal a stylization that even the dramatist himself has discovered little about. The scene of the drama is in a park—Hyde Park, patently enough—where the views and convulsions of humanity may have their airing. Pushed all together, with burlesque and passion, these incidents of this shifting life, such characters as the prostitute, the dreamer, the bishop and so on, make up a proper and glowing matter for theatre life and art. The seasons are present in the air and on the trees. No small lavishness has been put upon the costumes and general decorative enterprise. The passion and fire to lift and fuse all the elements in "Within the Gates" is too often absent; and the packed and sudden stylizations and emotional changes that would keep things going are too seldom achieved. Even at that it is a question how far a playwright can expect a new school of acting and a perfection in theatrical power for his play's sake.

Now and again Mr. O'Casey's piece is threaded with lines of great beauty, now and again the image is moving and truly found. And now and again the lyric mediocrity or crudish persistence in emphasis is merely tedious, it neither flows nor binds. In such a drama the dilemma may be one of two. First, we must have people to act and produce it for whom it is wholly bona fide, people, that is to say, who think the lines all totally marvelous and who now hear for the first time some of the propulsive banalities, emotionally as well as in idea. Or, second, if we are to have theatre writing with such a degree of *articulateness*—words, words, words, figures of speech, curses, flights of fancy, soul's reaches and what not—it must cover with magnificence, conservation and splendor, or at least with point and sophistication, the extent of its expressiveness.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Man Who Would Be King

ALTOGETHER too many critics have been singing shrill hymns of praise to Jules Romains' new novel. It has been "unanimously acclaimed as one of the most important events in the history of contemporary literature," says The New York Herald Tribune, which hasn't counted some of the votes. "A master . . . has quietly made his appearance," says The New York Times, officially recording the first occasion on which Romains has made an appearance anywhere without leading his own brass band. "He is giving us that rare thing—a work of genius," says The Herald Tribune, temperately. One voice echoes another. The Times exults in "the superb story-telling, the great substance, the flood of palpable life produced by this man"; The Herald Tribune celebrates a work that has "no equal in contemporary literature." But Clifton Fadiman of The New Yorker has earned himself the place of soloist in this critics' choir. In reviewing the new volume[1] of Romains' novel, his praises soar to high C's of admiration that leave the other voices warbling in the middle registers.

I don't know what's the trouble with Fadiman; he is usually a level-headed critic, able to recognize humbugs and make his readers laugh at them. Most of his heroes are real heroes; I don't know why he allowed Jules Romains to elbow his way among them and mislead him into the fanciest sort of fancy writing. "Here," he says, "is this superb Romains, more confident now than ever, threading humanity's steeplechase maze as if crossing a drawing-room. . . . When, we ask with a wild start, does he reach *me?* When will he surprise me in parlor, bedroom or bath and with his frightening impartiality uncover those hoarded secrets and hidden shames my complacence imagined unique and incommunicable?" This is bad enough, but there is worse to come. "This man . . . remembers everything we have ever experienced or guessed at, and then forgotten. The mind of Jules Romains is, among other things, a 100-percent-efficient filing system in which is docketed, under a thousand related heads, the life of modern man. Possibly there is even an entry for the fall of sparrows." And possibly, Mr. Fadiman, you might learn to think twice before writing sentences like these. American criticism has reached the height of something or other—of fatuity, perhaps—when a middle-aged French novelist with a well filled notebook and a slipshod style is compared, even by implication, with omniscient God.

The truth of the matter is that Jules Romains is a moderately talented and inordinately ambitious writer who has been turning out good and bad books for the last quarter-century and has now tackled a job that is obviously beyond his power. He tells us in his preface that he wants to write a work "of very considerable dimensions," which will nevertheless form a single novel with "its plot . . . drafted in advance." He wants "to present life as I see it . . . to convey the social multiplicity in which we are immersed," and therefore his work will have no central character—indeed, it would be "absurd to make the whole life of a city like Paris gravitate around a single individual." Finally, he wants to lead us out of chaos, to disentangle "the ideal of an epoch," and to teach the Men of Good Will how to recognize one another—"to the end that this world, of which they are the merit and the salt, may not perish!" The preface ends on this note of exultant messianism which perhaps explains why Mr. Fadiman, that hardened skeptic, began talking about God.

The novel itself will include a still undecided number of "books." In France, these come out two by two like animals from the Ark; in the English translation, two books are bound together so as to form a single "volume." Six books —three volumes, if you choose—have so far been published in French and English. Obviously it is still too early to pass any final judgment on the novel as a whole, but from the fifteen hundred pages that have now appeared, certain conclusions can be drawn pretty clearly. One can say, for example, that Romains has neither the steady view of society as a whole nor the sympathy with people of all classes that would be required for the sort of work he contemplates. One can say, without much risk of error, that his canvas is too big for him to cover without scamping his brush-work. One can say that in spite of his skill in spinning plots and interweaving them, his masterpiece doesn't hold together. It reads like a dozen novels cut into chapter lengths and the chapters scrambled.

Several of the episodes are vastly more successful than the novel as a whole. Thus, in the first volume there is the picture of a dozen people being affected in their different ways by the threat of war in the Balkans; Jules Romains has always excelled in these studies of collective emotion. Later in the same volume there is the story of how Quinette, the bookbinder, first shielded a murderer and then killed him. The second volume gives us the character of Jerphanion, the ambitious student, and reveals the steps by which the honest politician Gurau was slowly corrupted. Even in the third volume—which, by the way, is plainly inferior to the two that preceded it—there is the detailed and exciting account of Frédéric Haverkamp's career as a real-estate speculator on the grand scale. In the same volume, however, there is the liaison between Sammécaud and Marie de Champcenais—handled in a fashion as dull and perfunctory as any adultery in the worst of yellowback novels—and there is the long story of little Louis Bastide, who is quite evidently intended to symbolize the sorrows of the working class, but who ends as a Horatio Alger hero softened with a few traits from Little Nell.

Romains is trying to depict the whole of Parisian life, from high society down to the lowest slums, but his workers and his aristocrats are equally unconvincing. For his own part, he is a middle-class-conscious intellectual. Once he was Louis Farigoule, a poor school teacher; now he is the rich and famous novelist Jules Romains; and his real sympathies go out to men like himself who started from nothing and are forging ahead by hard work and bitter determination. Talk as he will about the virtues of the Meek, it remains true that his only accurate portraits are those of people like Haverkamp, the ambitious promoter, Jerphanion, the ambitious dreamer, and Quinette, the man whose ambition is twisted into crime.

In many ways he reminds me of H. G. Wells, who came from the same class and feels the same loyalty toward it, but the comparison is not at all in favor of Romains. Wells has a streak of generosity and disinterestedness that reappears in his characters; this was what made him the favorite novelist of young men during the ten years that preceded

[1] The Proud and the Meek, by Jules Romains (Men of Good Will, Vol. III). New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

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the War. Romains is less open-minded; even the best of his characters are mean and calculating. Wells has always wanted to *do* something, to make over the world, and this is a dangerous ambition for a writer. But Romains has what in practice is a still more dangerous ambition: he wants to *be* something, a novelist greater than Balzac or Hugo or Proust, a smashing big success. He betrays himself out of eagerness. He plans to build, not one structure but a series of structures, a whole city bigger and brighter than those of the past. He sets to work according to an excellent plan, but he has to depend on the cheapest materials, stucco, cardboard, tin—with a few genuine stones set here and there—and what he gives us in the end is a Hollywood-spectacle city, bustling with carpenters and extras.

Fadiman says that when our grandchildren ask us what we did before the revolution, the only answer many of us will be able to make is, "I was a contemporary of Jules Romains." But we have other contemporaries—Ponzi, for example, and Count Hermann von Keyserling.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Looking Backward

The Age of Confidence: Life in the Nineties, by Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 260 pages. $2.50.

IT WOULD be hard to claim less for a piece of writing than Mr. Canby claims for this modestly autobiographical book about life in a small American city at the end of the century: he denies that he is writing anything so pretentious as social history, and asks for a hearing only as a personal memorialist. Yet he is in fact far too modest; his plain, temperate, carefully shaded picture of middle-class gentility in the Wilmington of the nineties has really not only charm but a general bearing: with the proper changes, it is in the line of "A Son of the Middle Border" and "A Book about Myself." Nothing would be easier than to say what Mr. Canby does not do for the age and the place, to deplore his only momentary glimpses at the tragic reverse of the American capitalist medal, his prevailing emphasis on the life of a class that was even then a minority. But this would be asking him not to have written the book at all, and no writer could see more clearly what he is and is not doing in this regard than Mr. Canby does. "With the workingmen," he says, "I who write only of what I remember, lived chiefly in a feudal relationship"; and he alludes at once to "the slave world of laborers on which our society rested." He uses frankly and unsentimentally the language of a class ethos, but only because he could not otherwise deal truthfully with his subject.

In dealing with it, Mr. Canby comes back constantly to the sense of happy security, the assurance of stability and permanence that Americans of the given class then enjoyed: "confidence"—with the laissez-faire habits that accompanied it—is the recurring theme of his reminiscences. But, though he writes without sourness of his past, he has no illusions about the objective rightness of that confidence. Later evidence signifies, he says, that "our confidence was artificial, a state of complacent content which, no matter how beneficial and fortunate for us, was at odds with the inevitable course of history." With that proviso, and with balanced touches of light and shadow, he records many things about the home life, the education, the social relations, the religion, the sexual morality, of the people among whom he was brought up; and in a penultimate chapter on "Business, Politics and All That," he draws a picture—not of course brand new, but blighting in its repetitions and all the more so for being carefully modulated—of the spiritual ravages, the waste of creative power, in a community whose life was rigorously committed to the great end of money-making. If only for this chapter, the book would have been richly worth the writing.

NEWTON ARVIN.

That Performing Young Man

The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories, by William Saroyan. New York: Random House. $2.50.

THIS BOOK is a collection of sketches by a young author. The young author can write, and by that I mean simply that words come easily and brightly to him. He has wit, sensitivity and disrespect and these show up well in the conversation and comment of such moderately good pieces as "Love," and "Among the Lost." He is not known for his moderate essays, however. Where the big push comes is in his use of such upper-case terms as Man, Eternity, etc., his extensive reports of what a very complex and typewriting sort of thing it is to be a writer, and in short how it feels to be Mr. Saroyan. This, while epochal and all, I do not find very genuine stuff, and perhaps I can show why. Just quotation is not easy, but here at least is the essence of what is questionable *(i.e.,* the main turning-points of thought) in "Myself upon the Earth," which in turn seems to be the essence of what he is being discovered for:

> *Page 1.* A beginning is always difficult, for it is no simple matter to choose from language the one bright word which shall live forever; and every articulation of the solitary man is but a single word. . . . The earth is vast. . . . Vastest of all is the ego. . . . For myself, I say with piety, rejoice. *Page 2.* I am a young writer about to begin my work. . . . Furiously I am smoking a cigarette for the moment is one of great importance to me. . . . I do not want to be clever. . . . I do not want to utter a single false word. *Page 3.* I am a story teller and I have a single story—man . . . I regard all machinery as junk. . . . (I do not believe in transportation. . . . Is any journey so vast and interesting as the journey of the mind through life?) *Page 4.* I myself, however, am a propagandist and in this very story I am trying to restore man to his natural dignity and gentleness. . . . When the spirit of a single man is taken from him and he is made a member of a mob, the body of God suffers ghastly pain, and therefore the act is blasphemous. *Page 6.* Even the tribulations of Mickey Mouse make my heart bleed. . . . I am not a satirist. . . . I do not want you to feel that I am a hero of some sort, or a . . . sentimentalist. *Page 7.* How can one living man possibly be greater than another? *Page 8.* I do not believe there is such a thing as a poem-form, a story-form or a novel-form. I believe there is man only. *Page 9.* I am sitting in my room, living my life, tapping my typewriter. . . . [Next pages tell about his father, only a janitor in this country, he says, but in the old a "man of honor, a professor."] *Page 14.* I believe that I live and you've got to be religious to believe so miraculous a thing. [Along here, an account of how he hocked a typewriter and so couldn't write.] *Page 16.* The point is this: *day after day I longed for my typewriter.* . . . I am tapping on it, and this is what I have written. *The End.*

Multiply this by fifteen and water it down a bit (it represents the high spots) and you have the story—to which one's reaction is a matter of personal taste, I suppose. I

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have the impression, not of open frankness but of someone's leveling off his hat at a Bohemian angle and saying, I will now be frank with my public, giving it the works. Not of thought, or anxiety for the state of the world, but as if one should say, I will hereby dive very deep on them, I will tear their hearts out. In the book you get precious little outside Mr. Saroyan (he has small sense of character or action); and the main trouble is that even then you don't get an actual person but a posture, a performing young man on his typewriter keys. OTIS FERGUSON.

The Last of His Order

C. P. Scott of The Manchester Guardian, by J. L. Hammond. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 380 pages. $3.75.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN is a morning journal and a miracle. Being published in what is called a provincial city and not at a popular price, its circulation keeps within a modest figure, and, necessarily, the number of its daily readers outside the thickly populated industrial region which it directly serves cannot be large. The weekly mail edition goes all over the world, but it is certainly true that among the vast multitude of newspaper readers outside the British Isles not one in 100,000 has ever seen a copy of the daily. Yet The Guardian is cited more impressively than any other newspaper, including the mighty journal that for more than a century has been known as England's national newspaper. When in connection with any important event or matter of policy The London Times is quoted, your editor or public man responds like Tennyson's northern farmer to the sermon of his parson: he thinks it says what it ought to a' said. But when the opinion of The Manchester Guardian is given—well, then it is understood that something has happened. The word of this paper has the force of a deed. Why should it be so?

The answer is, C. P. Scott—editor-in-chief for fifty-eight years; editor and governing-director during the last twenty-four years of that period. He held his position for a longer time than any other English editor of a great daily. His authority was always unhampered, and after he became chief proprietor it was absolute.

Mr. J. L. Hammond, famous as the historian of the industrial revolution in England (that is, of the town, the country and the skilled laborer) was just the right biographer for Scott. He knew him intimately through his later period; he is one of The Guardian's most highly valued editorial writers; he is skilled in relating the personal life of a representative man to the history of his time. And the editor of The Guardian, as Mr. Hammond shows, was close to the inner history of England during a momentous half-century.

C. P. Scott was twenty-five when, in 1872, he was appointed editor of the paper by its sole owner, who chanced to be his cousin. The young man was exceedingly earnest, choosing journalism for his calling as he might have chosen the Unitarian ministry—and almost did. He set his own standards at the start, and never lowered them. When, in 1905, the full control of The Manchester Guardian fell to him, he treated it as a public trust, was paid a salary as editor and took no profits out of the concern.

Manchester was the metropolis of industrial England, the home of laissez-faire Liberalism. The Guardian was at the start a small paper, as far from radicalism as could be. And Scott until middle life was cautious enough in politics to please the Whigs of northern England. He was, however, an entirely convinced opponent of the loud-voiced imperialism into which England was led by Disraeli and Chamberlain. Ireland had in him an immovable champion, and he held The Manchester Guardian implacably against the Boer War. In July 1914 he printed a series of powerful editorials directed against Britain's entry into the European war; but when the die was cast he, with the overwhelming majority of liberal England, insisted that the victory over the German Empire must be won. Before the fighting had been going on for many months he became convinced that Asquith as war Prime Minister was impossible, and he began to work for a Lloyd George government. It is here that Mr. Hammond, using the editor's day-to-day records of conversations, is able not only to reveal the closeness of the alliance between Scott and Lloyd George, but also to show how queer and sinister an actuality the power of "the Welsh wizard" was. Scott admitted towards the end of their association that Lloyd George did not know what principle was, and yet he could contend that there was "a root of rectitude in him," and so could keep up the effort that was known in the Guardian office as saving Lloyd George's soul.

Scott liked writing that was clear, vigorous and persuasive and himself set the Guardian style in the editorials that he wrote extensively, especially after 1914. But notwithstanding the unmistakable stamp of the paper, he never asked another man to change his natural manner of expression. The fact that C. E. Montague—author of "Rough Justice" and "Disenchantment"—was his star leader-writer for thirty years, wielding in entire freedom all the astonishing resources of his wit and style, is one among many proofs that C. P. Scott possessed the secret of great editing. As a character, he was cut out of the whole cloth, a man of extraordinary consistency. He was the last of his order. S. K. RATCLIFFE.

North of China

The Mongols of Manchuria, by Owen Lattimore. New York: The John Day Company. 322 pages. $2.50.

IN MANCHURIA, Inner Mongolia and Outer Mongolia, which combine to make a territory nearly as large as the United States, there are living some five million Mongols, mostly nomadic herdsmen, but partly settled agriculturalists. When the Manchu empire fell, the Chinese republic claimed hegemony over the Mongols of these frontier territories, which it attempted to absorb by a policy of Chinese colonization under auspices of the landlord class. The Mongols denied the claim and resisted the policy. With the aid of Soviet troops, the Outer Mongolians have established their independence of China and done away with the power of their own princes. Japan has tried to gain the good will of the Manchurian Mongols by creating the autonomous Mongol province of Hsingan, occupying the entire western frontier of Manchukuo. And according to latest information, Nanking has come to terms with the Inner Mongolian princes, who have also set up an autonomous government.

Mr. Lattimore's really excellent book, while it deals mainly with the Mongols of Manchuria—even to a detailed description of their tribes, leagues and banners—also gives many illuminating glimpses into the history, economy, internal and external struggles of Inner and Outer Mongolia. It will certainly be read with care in the foreign offices of the Soviet Union, Japan and China, which are vitally interested in the developments within this vast borderland. But it also deserves the careful study of students of general sociology because of the light it sheds on the con-

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flicts between a pastoral and an agricultural economy within a given area. Mr. Lattimore has a notable comprehension of the rather primitive economy of the Mongols, and he is entirely free of the usual prejudice in favor of the so-called higher Chinese agricultural economy under landlord exploitation. Whenever he refers to Soviet policy in Outer Mongolia, he represents it as wise and beneficent in its effects upon the vast majority of the Mongols. A number of fine maps add to the value of the book.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

The N.R.A. and Recovery

America's Recovery Program, by Members of the Brain Trust and Others. New York: Oxford University Press. 253 pages. $2.

THIS COLLECTION of nine addresses, originally delivered at Swarthmore College, is an exposition, mostly by so-called "Brain Trusters," of the first nine months of the Roosevelt program. One or two of them come perilously close to the category of bedtime stories, but the general level, including the papers by Tugwell and Dickinson, is fairly high.

The most important and original contribution is a long article by Alexander Sachs, the first head of the Research and Planning Division of the N.R.A., in which he subjects the past and future of that body to pungent and penetrating comment. He credits it, through anticipation, with a share in the rapid improvement of last year and, in general, approves of the labor provisions of the codes. Like the Consumers' Advisory Board, however, he is opposed to price-fixing (except for coal and oil) as both administratively impracticable and economically subversive. By making prices more rigid and inflexible, the N.R.A. tends to prevent mutual adjustments between industries from being carried out, and hence retards rather than hastens recovery. Furthermore, by attempting to fix depreciation, obsolescence and interest rates upon swollen capitalization figures, it helps to maintain an unsound debt structure that should instead be partly written down. Sachs also properly objects to the power given to the owners of nearly forty industries to prevent the introduction of new capital. He again shows his good sense in urging that the initiation of the capital-goods program should be through a program of mass housing. It would be interesting to know how adequate he considers the present housing program, which rests its hope for stimulus upon making it easier for individuals to go into debt to renovate existing houses rather than furnishing public funds with which to build new ones. Altogether, the essay is a very able performance which both increases one's regret that the author felt compelled to retire from the N.R.A. and makes one wonder if it was his personal experience and observation that made him turn back to the Laws of Plato, and conclude that one of the worst dangers of economic administration is the danger "of becoming a theatrocracy"—that is, a state ruled "by theatrical figures who, dependent upon the plaudits of the audience, become self-deluded creators of illusion."

Mr. Sachs closes his essay with an eloquent plea for true liberalism in economic planning, and for a production system following the desires of consumers. How this is to be effected under the N.R.A., with the employer-dominated cartels which that organization has built up, is not mentioned, except that even as late as March of this year Mr. Sachs, like President Roosevelt, evidently had faith in the willingness of the owners of industry to coöperate unselfishly for the common good. There is, however, a great danger, unless the President follows the advice of the Senate Progressives and the liberal wing inside his administration, that we shall come out of the crisis with a system of capitalistic syndicalism not greatly dissimilar from some of the economic aspects of fascism.

Like Mr. Sachs, I believe that a free price system is far better than one pegged by governments or cartels. But I fear this is going to be hard to establish now that producers' organizations are so strong and consumers' groups so weak. It would also seem that we cannot really trust the market to reflect human needs so long as there are great inequalities in personal incomes. While people vote with their dollars as to what shall be produced, the wealthy cast many more ballots than the poor. We cannot really democratize the decisions of the market so long as this grossly plural voting goes on. A much greater equality of incomes is, therefore, necessary before economic democracy will approach and, in turn, make real the political democracy we espouse.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

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Books in Brief

Vienna Diary, by Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 287 pages. $2.

LAST WINTER on February 24 Naomi Mitchison, the historical novelist and the sister of G. B. S. Haldane, traveled to Vienna to do clandestine relief work among the Socialists, not so much for political as for humane reasons. Seven weeks later she returned to England; but during her time in Vienna she kept a minute day-by-day diary, sometimes writing as much as twenty-four pages a day, of what she saw and experienced. With incisiveness

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and sometimes brilliant attention to details, she has set down without prejudice the story of those days of Heimwehr as she saw it. She tells of young boys who were imprisoned for four and five days without food, whose faces were so beaten they could scarcely see, of old men shot down in their own courtyards. She describes the bombardment of the various housing units which had been built by the Social Democratic government. The book's historic significance is perhaps limited by the smallness of the Vienna world Mrs. Mitchison saw, as well as by her own slight knowledge of the background of the struggle. But as the personal, level-headed and accurate record of a keen observer, the book cannot fail to stir anyone interested in the present struggle for power in Central Europe. R. M. M.

The Hundred Days, by Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 176 pages. $1.75.

Mr. Guedalla's long essay on the stirring weeks that passed between Napoleon's escape from Elba and the rout at Waterloo must be regarded, from a professional point of view, as an extremely telling revisionist study. From the point of view of belles lettres, the many readers who can take their Guedalla straight will be charmed and delighted. Using his sources (which he knows thoroughly) with perhaps slightly more obtrusive artistry than usual, he argues convincingly that political rather than military considerations dictated both Napoleon's offensive into Belgium and the line of his march upon the capital city Brussels. The distinction is not unimportant, for the Emperor's obsession with the recovery of the Belgic provinces had much to do with determining the character of the Waterloo campaign. At this point Mr. Guedalla's rhetoric rather gets in the way of his lucidity, but his contention comes through none the less soundly—that Wellington was not a victor by default, because of the blunders of Napoleon's marshals, but that Napoleon's own disregard of "the most exacting considerations of military prudence" afforded Wellington the opportunity to put into effect a brilliant strategy and devastatingly effective tactics. L. G.

Hyde Park Orator, by Bonar Thompson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 288 pages. $2.50.

Bonar Thompson has made his living by using his gift of gab. From the soap box he has gabbed about politics, pills, birth control, utopias, or anything else that would hold a crowd and fetch him a few shillings. The main scene of his autobiography is Hyde Park, where he has discoursed with such eloquence that his meetings have become known as "a feature of London life." For many years Mr. Thompson was known as a socialist, but now that he broadcasts over radio stations, speaks at university and literary gatherings, he has turned reactionary. Bitterly, he bewails the fact that as a younger man he did not utilize his oratorical gifts with a more prosperous party. For the working class he has nothing but contempt, and he likes to prophesy that "the working class are finished." As for communism: "There is only one sight more pleasant to me than that of a dead communist, and that is the sight of two dead communists." Thompson is a self-confessed racketeer of the soap box, whose only apt objection to any change in the social order is that "there isn't enough money in it for me." J. M.

The Backwash of War, by Ellen LaMotte. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 214 pages. $2.

"The Backwash of War" appeared in 1916 and, like "Le Feu" of Barbusse, marked the reaction against the treat-

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Horace Gregory reviewing

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ment of war in fiction as a mixture of glory, patriotism, adventure, love affairs and practical jokes, which had prevailed from Charles Lever to Kipling, in favor of stark realism. It was suppressed by a complacent publisher at the behest of the government, on the ground that it would weaken the will to war. Its reappearance should do just that. Miss LaMotte was a nurse in a hospital near the front, which received the French poilus torn to pieces by shrapnel and poisoned by gas shells. She writes with laconic irony of a dozen soldiers who in their dying agony reveal their true selves. They are not heroes, but each is an individual with hopes, fears, loves, ambitions, hates. The "vast imbecility" which presides over their destinies is represented by the generals who perfunctorily administer extreme unction to the dying, a medal, *pour la patrie reconnaissante*. It is the last note of pathos, of futility, in this "book of pity and of death." R. M. L.

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RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, a law student at the University of Oregon, is on the staff of The Portland Oregonian.

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER is the author of a novel, several short stories and "According to the Flesh," a biography of Mary Baker Eddy (Coward-McCann).

GEORGE ABBE's verse has appeared in two anthologies, "The Hills Are Ready for Climbing" and "Best College Verse of 1931." He is a student at Union Theological Seminary.

HORACE GREGORY, who has just returned from England, is the author of two volumes of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House" and "No Retreat." A third volume, "Phoenix in Broadcloth," will be published shortly by Covici-Friede.

NEWTON ARVIN is an associate professor of English at Smith College. He is the author of a biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and of many reviews and critical articles.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS is professor of Economics at the University of Chicago. He is the author, among other books, of "The Problem of Unemployment," "The Need for a New Party" and "The Theory of Wages."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of R. M. MacGregor, Leo Gershoy, Jerre Mangione and Robert Morss Lovett.

SEVEN CALIFORNIA POETS

J. V. CUNNINGHAM is a graduate student at Stanford University. He has published verse or criticism in The Bookman, Hound and Horn, The Commonweal, The Magazine and elsewhere.

HOWARD BAKER, a graduate of Whittier College, California, has an M.A. from Stanford and has done graduate work at the Universities of Paris and California. He is the author of "Orange Valley," a novel (Coward-McCann) and has appeared in The Criterion, Hound and Horn, The American Review and The Magazine.

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CLAYTON STAFFORD was for eight years a seaman and is now employed in technical work by the telephone company in San Francisco. He has appeared in Hound and Horn, The Magazine and elsewhere.

YVOR WINTERS is an instructor in English at Stanford University. He is the author of "The Proof" (Coward-McCann), "The Journey" (Dragon Press), "Before Disaster" (Tryon Pamphlets) and other collections of verse.

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